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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Vicious Ignorance

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S "Elmer Gantry" is reviewed at length by Mr. Van Doren elsewhere in this issue and it is not the purpose of the Editor to enter upon literary criticism of that remarkable book. Yet no one who reads it can be without reflections of his own, and one at least seems worthy of discussion.

Elmer Gantry himself, that wenching, drunken, football roughneck, who throughout his career as Baptist preacher, professional revivalist, Methodist organizer, remains a hypocrite and a libertine, is guilty of one greatest sin in the eye of his creator—he is grossly ignorant. His ignorance protects his conscience with triple brass, his ignorance gives his crude Fundamentalism the strength of certainty, his ignorance keeps him at the level of the mass mind. Disgusting swine that he is, he wallows in the trough of religious emotionalism with a sexual delight, and pushes his shrewd nose into every chink where unctuous morsels can be found. He is no fool. His velvet pulpit voice may be meaningless, but the wish behind it is not meaningless. He knows what he wants and how to get it. And the dense dark night of his ignorance shuts him in, so that his little flashlight of shrewdness makes a straight path to his goals which wiser men in daylight would not care to follow.

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Sinclair Lewis does not attack the church *per se*—he does not even raise the question of the validity of religion. He is not, like the mediaevals, drawing a wholesale indictment against lasciviousness and hypocrisy in the clergy. Some are, some are not, but that is not the point of his satire. The weight of it falls upon an educational system that permits an ignorant boor to pass as educated, and a cunning animal, too thick-headed to be sceptical, to profess a theology that he does not understand and teach a Christianity which he comprehends only in its formulas and its profitable fruits. Elmer has happened often enough to raise the question as to his evidential value. Considered as a type, he is egregiously unfair to the average minister, as are all satiric portraits since they take, perforce, the exceptional man in whom evil tendencies show themselves in laboratory examples. But is he unfair to a system which, if we believe Mr. Lewis, gives predatory brutes such unexampled opportunities? Can Baptist and Methodist ministers, be like him, can revivalists, male and female, be like the precious pair in the book—and "get away with it"? Instead of spraying bullets at the blasphemy, the exaggeration, the partisanship of Lewis's book, this is the issue which critics of his thesis should debate. It is quite unnecessary to determine whether the best known woman revivalist is intentionally represented by the astonishing Sharon of "Elmer Gantry." It is very important to know whether the business of revivalism, as Lewis describes it, is as he describes it, for, if so, the religious vampire is sure to appear.

All this is to discuss "Elmer Gantry," not as a novel, but as journalism, and that is precisely what it is, high-powered journalism making news of the religious world. We think of Lewis as a modern, but actually his really important books—"Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Elmer Gantry"—belong in the Victorian line; the raucous style, the modern scene, the frank rough-and-tumble of the description, conceal the fact that they are not only successors, they are the companions, of those wrathful studies by Charles Kingsley, those moral epics of George Eliot, those colloquial satires of Mark Twain, those first biting plays of Shaw, and, of course, the social novels of Wells, in which the authors called upon the intellect to save society, and excoriated, most of all, ignorance. You will find Elmer Gantrys in less journalized form in all these books. You will find his alter ego in Babbitt, who suffers from his kind of ignorance because, unlike Elmer, he has a heart; you will find him in the quacks of Arrowsmith, who are less dangerous than Elmer only because they handle the body, not the mind.

Lewis was too angry in this book to be at his best. When the trail of ignorance led him to the murky place where men's souls and women's bodies are exploited in the name of religion, he struck out

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Aquarium Fish

By PADRAIC COLUM

MOLD-COLORED, like the leaf long fallen from
The autumn branch, he rises now, the Fish:
The cold eyes of the gannet see their rock:
He has No-whither. Who was it marked
Earth from the waters? Who
Divided space into such lines for us,
Giving us To and Fro, not Up and Down?
This dweller in the ancient element
Knows Space's cross-roads. Who
Closed up the Depth to us? He rises now
Mold-colored like the leaf long fallen from
The autumn branch, with eyes that are like lamps
Magicians fill with oils from dead men ta'en,
Most rootless of all beings, the Fish.

This Week

"Elmer Gantry." Reviewed by *Carl Van Doren.*
"Skin Deep." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*
"Rivalry." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*
"Literature in the Theatre." Reviewed by *William Lyon Phelps.*
"Essays in Memory of Barrett Wendell." Reviewed by *Karl Young.*
Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.
"Napoleon." Reviewed by *Walter S. Hayward.*
"Palmerston." Reviewed by *Nathaniel C. Kendrick.*
"War Birds." Reviewed by *William Alexander Percy.*

Next Week, or Later

"American Foreign Policy." Reviewed by *Bainbridge Colby.*

Anthony Trollope

By GARNET SMITH

THE British people, in the mid-Victorian period between 1850 and 1880, were largely self-complacent. The world went very well with them. By timely reconstruction of their political system they had escaped from the revolutionary movements that convulsed Europe. They were prompt to believe themselves a pattern not only in their institutions but in industry, commerce, and finance. A prosperous stability had been reached, and was seemingly secure. And Anthony Trollope, as man and author, could fairly be considered representative of the well-to-do classes of his time. He, and the contemporaries with whom he was so thoroughly in agreement, were men of sober sense, hard-working and conventional. The moral earnestness of the early Victorians still marked them and him, but less oppressively. The world went very well with them; but yet things were not altogether well. Already, before his popularity began to decline, the literature of the time was becoming a literature of criticism and protest. Trollope himself, however robust in self-complacence and genially acquiescent in present conditions, was sensitive to social changes. He was progressive as well as conservative. By the time of his death in 1882, England was no longer the England that he knew. And with England going or gone, his popularity suffered an abrupt and almost total eclipse. At length he emerges. He is coming to his own again; and America has lent no little aid to this renewed appreciation. Here in England there is complete reaction against the literature of the 'eighties and 'nineties which superseded him. It is that literature and not Trollope's work, that is dead. During and since the war, many have found him "restful." In these years of manifold and bewildering change, there is delight in contemplating an England that was stable and leisurely; an England that, in contrast, seems far-away and even romantic. More than this, it is recognized that Trollope is representative not only of Victorians but of broad human nature. Change is change, but the mingled shrewdness and tenderness of his outlook are sound and perennially attractive. Mr. Michael Sadleir's excellent biography* which has just appeared reflects the new point of view.

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"We must take the world as we find it." Is that the sum of the whole matter? Trollope would seem to say so; and that Balzac who, appointing himself the complete sociologist, purposed to exhibit in a hundred volumes the very mold and pressure of his times. Trollope, indeed, was no Titan at the forge, imaginative to excess, grimy, monstrous. He is but the plain workman, accurately observing and reproducing. But he knows, quite as well as Balzac, the financial standing of his every character; knows that money and what it brings is the universal need and aim. "Poetry," sighs the tragic hero of the "Last Chronicle of Barset," "makes the spirit poor, and the hands weak, and the heart sore,—and too often makes the conscience dull." A man must valiantly strive to master circumstance and rise in the world, while taking care not to run counter to the world's recognized rules. But a man, an Eng-

*Anthony Trollope: A Commentary. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $5.

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lishman of Trollope's times, found himself engaged in a complicated system of class and privilege. What of that? In the nature of things, there are terrible inequalities. Common sense, and Trollope as her spokesman, bid you make your way upward in the social scale by your own efforts. He and you look round about. Castes, classes, corporations of whatever kind, are what they are. You may resent them; must at lease recognize them; had better accept them once for all. Your concern is with individuals. Each of these is marked, and limited, by his rank and profession. Each of these has his own social difficulties; he would be decent, did but the world allow. You must live and let live; must sympathize with the individual as far as you may and, in any case, be tolerant. The world is very much with us, and all too much. Trollope depicts many a successful man who regrets the days of his peace and comparative poverty. He is ironic in his presentation of the arrogant. Moved to indignation, he hides it in such a piece of sustained raillery as "Mr. Scarborough's Family." Once, and at length, he lets himself go. "The Way We Live Now" is the way in which we ought not to live. The world is lost in iniquity. For us, and to our undoing, success is wealth and wealth is God.

The busy Trollope was out and about in the world, observing, reflecting, reproducing. He varied his leisurely chronicles of manners, his social epics, with studies of pathetic single figures involved in their special circumstance. In respect to all which, he owned in full measure the master-faculty of a novelist. Creative power, the power of characterization, consists in establishing a complete intimacy with your personages. You must learn to hate and love them, argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and let them have their own way. Indefatigably curious, you attend them in their growth; come to know them better than yourself or the shadowy folk of the outer world. So, they surprise and do not surprise. In the report of them, exact and dramatic speed alternates with exact and dramatic narrative. This narrative allows easy, confident statement of motive, and comment. You have come to know your personages better than they know themselves; hesitate at most when the motives are mixed and barely matter of consciousness. Assuredly, Anthony Trollope possesses the power of characterization. He understands his men and women, intuitively and by observation. He tolerates them; is humorously sympathetic with them in their foibles or grievous errors. If he must disapprove a Sowerby or a Mrs. Proudie, still he calls attention to their latent, their very latent, possibilities of good. It is only an Undy Scott, no gentleman, corrupt through and through, that he cannot brook.

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It is easy to accuse Trollope of being worldly, cynical, materialistic, Philistine. The accusation fails. You have only reckoned with the half of his nature. He knows the prose of life, and is not prosaic. The English, and the Americans, hide their poetry. This poetry, this romance of theirs, is domestic; a matter of private concern. But then again novels are largely novels of love. Trollope tried once to leave love out of a novel, and could not fulfil his aim. Money and love—or various lust—are the whole theme of a Balzac. If Trollope is in some sort a British Balzac, he is also, as it were, a brother of Jane Austen the incomparable. Like her, he is vastly interested and amused to observe the social comedy and its love-making. Like her, he divides Sense from false Sensibility, sentimentality; is anti-romantic, anti-humbug. These men and women of his, proferring love and keeping a constant eye to the main chance withal, are comic folk. Adventurers, adventuresses of whatever kind, part fools and part knaves, it is enough if they are "lively on the wires," as Thackeray would say. Next beyond these, in his multifarious gallery of portraits, come such women as we find in "Nina Balatka," "Linda Tressel," "Sir Harry Hotspur or Orley Farm": wilful and provoking, impulsive and obstinate, pathetic, piteous, and adorable. And in the further sanctum of the gallery we light upon that which captures, and shall hold. The list of Trollope's admirers is ever like to renew itself, if so that visit is once paid to his chosen heroines and their surroundings. It is oh! for a day, for many a day, of a Lilian Dale, a Lucy Robarts, a Mary Thorne. To a new-comer, which shall we recommend first: "The Small House at Allington," "Framley Parsonage," "Doctor Thorne"? Young womanhood here is at its sweetest and noblest. These are the Shakespearean women for whom all is love and love is all; who are worthy of our whole trust and reverence. And it is "a world to see," in the Elizabethan phrase, with what delicacy the robust Trollope presents them to us. Their very foibles—if they have any—are an added charm. No feminist, altogether chivalrous, he fathers them, as he fathered an actual and American Kate Field when he came across her. Not that he forgets for a moment that the world will intrude and bring obstacles to his lovable creatures. Moreover, he smiles and sighs a little, remembering how the first bloom and flush of romance is like to pass, though to solid and sober gain. Is a man always to play the romantic hero? ask the would-be comfortable, with Johnny Eames.

And Anthony Trollope has still another, even deeper, vein of poetry, of idealism. That is to say, his religion is genuine, simple, and settled. The Englishman, Victorian or Georgian, the American, is not one to noise his religion abroad, or even his code of ethics. The earlier Victorians, indeed, urged ideal demands; preached in and, some would say, out of season. Trollope is no preacher, nor even a set teacher, for all his treasure of wise counsel. He exhibits the world, and leaves us to infer that good produces good, and evil evil. A Balzac, forceful, over-excited by the spectacle of things, gives us a world of depravity in which the good inevitably go to the wall. Trollope gives us a world in which we can find no cause to envy ill-gotten prosperity. His philosophy, as Mr. Michael Sadleir says, is one of honest common sense tempered with generosity and sanctioned by a definite standard of personal conduct. One should insist on the generosity of Trollope, as one insists on that of Thackeray. And the personal code is clear enough. A man should be a gentleman. There is no defining the term: but we know the thing itself, the person, the moment we see him. Trollope, not subservient to the strong, was chivalrous in sympathy with the weak. Accommodating himself to social convention, he scorned whatsoever was mean and vile and beyond the reach of law.

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In Anthony Trollope, the man and his work are one and indivisible. And, for our further comprehension, thanks are owing to Mr. Sadleir who, with new documents, facilitates the approach. Trollope is simple, and complicated. You think to know him at the first glance, are presently baffled, at last discern a rich unity. It used to puzzle Taine how possibly England could produce at once her stock of the solid, the practical, the energetic, and her stock of the shy, the delicate in feeling, the quietly melancholy. Trollope is of both stocks. One can be just a little irritated, or amused, by Trollope the noisy and self-opinionated, somewhat after the fashion of his mother; by Trollope the efficient and vehement Civil Servant and country gentleman, haunter of the clubs and the hunting field; by Trollope the vigorous and downright, "banging about the world," as Froude said, on official or private mission. And there is the other, the reserved Trollope; enabled by his duality, his multiplicity, to enter into the minds and feelings of his fellow countrymen, nay even to be cosmopolitan. It is not only that his intellect inclined him to prose, and his heart to tender affection. He was sanguine and melancholy. Humility and pride contended within him. He could sincerely disparage his own work; predict that his name as a writer of fiction would not last into our century. Though he was proud to have risen in the world by his own efforts, he could sincerely disparage, and violently exaggerate, his own early shortcomings. Almost a pariah in boyhood and youth, and like to become a wastrel through hopeless poverty, he was preserved by his inherited pride, his stubborn sense of family tradition, his tenacious grasp of opportunity when offered. If he was self-assertive, it was because he was shy, mindful of his numbing and precarious years. In a word, his simplicity is a rich and intricate simplicity. In the "Autobiography" which he left for posthumous publication, he reduced himself to a sheer simplicity which bewildered by its very inadequacy. Coming forward as the complete man of business, he earned —so the legend runs—a prompt dismissal. Here was one proud to declare that he looked on authorship as a trade; that day by day he produced in dogged sequence an allotted number of words and pages before breakfast, and thereupon sallied forth to prosecute his quite other and official labors. Here was one altogether too mechanical to be an artist; a hack-writer who merely supplied the public with what goods it wanted. Such, according to the legend, was the verdict passed alike by literary cliques and the plain man, the average reader. Nowadays, at all events, his power of characterization is recognized, and the lucid ease of his trained style. He surely is a skilled craftsman, a true artist, who can sign "The Claverings," "The Last Chronicle of Barset," and others of his best. Do you read the novels of Trollope? asked the widely different Hawthorne. They suited him precisely, he added; were solid, substantial, true to the essentials of human nature.

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In short, Anthony Trollope and his work have their appeal to the sympathy and intelligent admiration of the English-speaking peoples. His personality and art are manly and sane. Good Americans and British may heartily agree with his gospel of individual effort and the hard work whereby a man may rise in the world. It is an individualism requiring such personal conduct as is decent and consonant with the general weal. It is an individualism that finds its sufficient poetry in the domestic affections. Trollope is representative of the many among us; of the high average, if one may so speak. He is strict and stern in demand upon himself, shrewdly and tolerantly perceptive of human motives. Contrasted with a Thackeray or a Dickens, he may seem merely superficial and prolific. With a cynicism and a tenderness akin to those of Thackeray, he lacked the deep reach of Thackeray's melancholy. But in the presentation of charming and noble womanhood, he surpasses his beloved master. Dickens, urged by his demon of imaginative humor, offers a world of his own creation. But the world of Trollope is the world in which we actually live: the world we judge by our common sense and interpret in the last resort by our hearts. His tribute to Thackeray's character can be applied to himself; and again that "vast sympathetic participation in the daily life of mankind" which Mr. Santayana discovers in Dickens. We have always indeed to reckon with a certain duality in Trollope both as the man and as the artist. His quality at times is somewhat rough and commonplace. In his overabundance, he can be loud and brusque, clumsy and insistent. But many a time, and through long stretches, he is masterly and delicate in his divination of character, of human nature at large. Though he claimed but the credit of the efficient workman, he is a veritable artist, almost too well concealing his art in the smoothness and ease of his dialogue and narrative.

"The distinction of being the rarest book," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "is shared by the first edition of the works of Livy, printed in Rome in 1469 (the only known copy of which is in the British Museum Library), together with the solitary copy of the first edition of Ovid, printed in Bologna in 1471, and the thirty-one unique specimens of Caxton's press. Caxton's productions are always amongst the most valued in the world, and it is, indeed, a pity that some of them should have left this country. There are, in all, 560 Caxtons in existence, and of these, over 400 are safely housed in the British Museum, the Cambridge University and the Bodleian Libraries, and amongst the Rylands collection at Manchester.

"Of the first book printed in English, 'The Histories of Troy,' only three copies exist, there being the same number of the 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers,' the first English book bearing a plain statement of the date and place of its production.

"Of extreme rarity, too, is the 'Psalmorum Codex,' printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459. This book is beautifully designed, and is said to be 'the grandest specimen of the typographical art.' Its most recent sale occurred at the end of the last century, when a perfect copy changed hands for £4,950.

"Amongst the most valuable of the early secular works is the 'Valdarfer Boccaccio,' dated 1471. Quite a sensation was caused in 1812, when the only complete copy known was sold for £2,260. 'The sound of that hammer,' wrote Dibdin, 'echoed through Europe.' Today its price is probably beyond estimation."

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St. George and the Parson

ELMER GANTRY. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by CARL VAN DOREN

THE members of the clergy in the United States are in for a bad half-year. Sinclair Lewis, having gone among them as a satirical St. George, now exposes the reverend dragons in a novel which is bound to set up a fearful roaring in pulpit and parsonage, in convention, conference, and synod, and in every place which sees two or three novel-readers gathered together. This St. George plays few favorites. His Father Smeesby is a perfect dogmatist; his Rabbi Amos is fettered by the respectability of his congregation; Irving Tillish, the Christian Scientist, is silly; Dr. Willis Fortune Tate, the Episcopalian, quivers at the thought of vulgarity; the mystical Andrew Pengilly and the troubled Frank Shallard are lost in the chill ranks. The full light of St. George's exposure, however, falls upon the Baptists and the Methodists: the Baptists who bring Elmer Gantry up to a maturity of superstition, and the Methodists who provide a field for the exercise of the fellow's loathsome talents.

* * *

Thousands of tongues and pens, if not fists, will debate whether Gantry is representative of the denominations to which he belongs. Presumably he is not. Both his talents and his loathsomeness set him handsomely above the average of the human race. He is brutal, sensual, cruel, a liar, a sneak, a bully. That he has a kind of animal courage makes him only the more pernicious; that he has a kind of animal eloquence makes him only the more influential. But Mr. Lewis, while crediting Gantry with superior powers, unmistakably aims at whole churches in his narrative. After all, it was other Baptist divines who saw in Hell-Cat Gantry, still an undergraduate at a dingy Kansas college, the material of a bellowing crusader exactly adapted to their needs. It was a Methodist bishop who guessed that Gantry was wasted in the jungles of free-lance evangelism and drew him into an orderly, powerful fold. In neither system does the Ram of God seem to have been hampered by his major qualities. His mean offenses come to light, or threaten to come, and he trembles, along with his cynical backers among the laymen. His great offenses merely promote him. His illiteracy commends him to the men of small affairs among whom he moves. His craftiness commends him to the loftier magnates who discover in him a man of their world. His gifts for making a noise in his church draw the attention of worshipers who find him as good as vaudeville. His zeal at running down heretics puts him on the front pages of the newspapers. In the end, he has raised himself by his clamor to the dignity of an interstate nuisance, and is left preaching his farewell sermon to the congregation from which he is about to go to become the executive secretary of the National Association for the Purification of Art and the Press.

Thus Sinclair Lewis once more reveals himself as something besides a novelist. He is still the spokesman of a notable phase of American discontent with contemporary America. Many Americans were grumbling inwardly over the dulness, so frequently praised as merit, of villages. They found their grumblings made dramatic in "Main Street." Many Americans had got tired of hearing the American business man forever glorified. They saw the creature lifted to ridiculous eminence in "Babbitt." And many Americans have grown resentful at the ways of the Fundamentalists in their energetic, concerted attack upon whatever is enlightened. Here is "Elmer Gantry." The dragons have not scrupled to take every advantage in their campaign. They can hardly object—though of course they will—if their St. George hacks and jabs with weapons which look suspiciously like their own.

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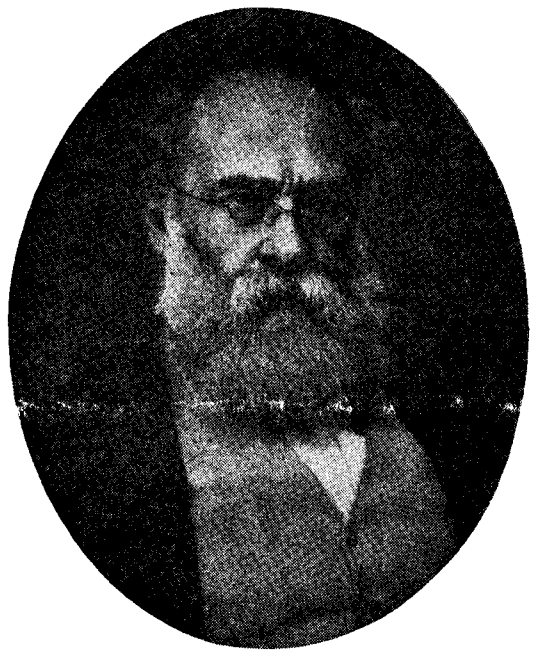
He does, indeed, meet them on what is more or less their ground. Such ecclesiastical politicians as appear in the novel, when they encounter a person who thinks little of their manners and less of their minds, insist that he must be a friend of evil who wants to sin without danger of reproach. So Mr. Lewis, in exposing the parsons, does it by accusing his hero-villain of hidden rascalities. Surely this is not a high ground on which to fight. The researches of St George must have shown him that not many of the dragons are as vicious as Elmer Gantry. In any case, it is not the vices of such snakes that make them ominous, but their virtues; not their sensuality, but their zeal; not their falling away from the paths of ancient conduct, but their sticking to the paths of archaic doctrine. Elmer Gantry's habit of seducing and of being seduced will not interest the civilized, who will find it, while nasty, yet relatively trivial. It belongs to the region of headlines, and the headlines can take care of it and are always delighted to do so. Doubtless Mr. Lewis, an acute man, knows all this as well as anybody. If he chose to meet Gantry in his den, it is possibly because he wanted the spectators to have a better view of the slaughter than they could have had if he had beguiled the dragon to the top of some more philosophical mountain. Or possibly Mr. Lewis suspected that Gantry would never have felt inimical blows at a purer altitude.

However that may be, "Elmer Gantry" suffers as a novel because it is also an exhibition of dragon-killing. The satiric purpose is now and then lost in anger. In the episode of Sharon Falconer it is lost in romance. The lady is, as here presented, a lovely evangelist whom Elmer follows on the double scent of profit and lust, and who takes him with her for an unbelievable interlude in Virginia where they sink into purple blasphemy before a garish altar. The episode is as meaningless as it is unbelievable. It appears to have been cut out of quite another story. Nowhere else in the book, fortunately, do such romantic episodes intrude. But anger often



From a photograph taken about 1880
(From "Anthony Trollope," by Michael Sadleir)

dims the satire, which in consequence slips too often into rough-and-tumble. Some blows go wild. St. George is heard to do more hard breathing than becomes a satirist. The less intelligent allies of the dragon are given a chance to feel that the animal is being abused as well as executed. The more violent of them may even be rallied to the animal's defense. This, since he deserves no defense, and does not even deserve to live, must pain those spectators who would have liked to see him exposed and ended with the detached, adequate devices of satire, without fear that his blood might be the seed of other dragons.

Though the total impression made by "Elmer Gantry" is less than it might have been if it had been held in a firmer satiric grasp, the details are generally striking. Mr. Lewis has studied the Baptist-Methodist species with immense patience and with the most observant eyes and ears. He has familiarized himself with the mechanism of its politics, with the ins and outs of its individual behavior, with the rhetoric of its official utterances, with the tawdry jargon of its speech behind the scenes. And his story marches, from the first sentence, "Elmer Gantry was drunk," to the last, in which Gantry announces in prayer that "We shall yet make these United States a moral nation." It is a procession of stupidities and imbecilities such as heretofore have been assembled only in the documents of H. L. Mencken's "Americana." And Mr. Lewis' documents are always at least melodrama, and often, especially in the last third of the book, drama. A tornado of applause, boos, hisses may shortly be expected to shatter the quiet season.

Spiritual Encounters

SKIN DEEP. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MISS ROYDE-SMITH's novel is a very clever book, full of odd but logically satisfactory spiritual encounters which arise from the vagaries of a dull but important ducal family. The author weaves her tangled web uncommonly well, and her unresting spirit of satire enables her to skate on rather sentimental ice, cutting figure-eights as she goes. The book is a study in failure to comprehend existence, and it is done with humor and energy.

The heroine, Lucinda Duchess of Merioneth, is one of those professional beauties who used to pay Sargent "£10,000 for the privilege of being shown up." Her gifts, outside of what Donne called "our oldest clothes," are trifling, and her achievements apart from presenting her duke with two charming twins whose paternity is not what it should be, are a few meager victories over old age. Obsessed rather than possessed by her lover, she becomes obsessed in turn by the beauty which is really all she has with which to retain him. And involved in the mysteries of the face-doctors she actually loses him by missing a critical assignation while trying a new facial clay. From that disaster we are led with a real sense of increasing tragedy, through a sterile region of pastes, creams, and perfumes, where fat is eliminated and faces are lifted, to a final view of the Duchess in a steam heated reducing machine, one of those contrivances which combine the virtues of a stationary bicycle and a Turkish bath, a ghastly figure fighting with ferocity for the one value which she knows and knows she has lost.

The book is, of course, satire, pushed to the very verge of burlesque, and in fact only saved from that fate, by humor that mitigates and sympathy that divines the sad realities that lie at the hearts of artificial people. But Miss Royde-Smith is perhaps a bit querulous, as she denounces the well-bred and delicately nurtured on account of the spiritual destruction which they so often suffer—and so often do not. The ordinary cant about the unreality of the lives of persons of great wealth and station is of course drivel. A duke's life may be as full of reality as a ditcher's. But the spiritual destruction which Miss Royde-Smith describes is perhaps the result of the larger opportunity which the duke enjoys of escaping from his own inner life into some one else's outer world. Thus we see the Duchess of Merioneth trying to live up to her own exquisite face because that is one of the decorations of the outer world and in some sort becoming, in the course of thirty years, the ghost of her own countenance, a huntress of shadows, herself a shade.

One curious feature of the book should not be ignored by the American reviewer. We first see the Duchess through the eyes of an American woman of elegance and cultivation—true elegance and real if slightly obtrusive and uplifting cultivation. This lady has for years nourished a hopeless admiration for the imagined beauty, and part of the tragedy of the book consists in the revelation of the abhorrent emptiness of the ideal figure to the attractive Bostonian idealist—who is perhaps guilty of her own absurdities. But certainly from an American point of view here is something new under the sun—an English writer disposed to view Americans as neither comic nor sinister, but simply as human beings. For once we are told, not unconvincingly, how simple and refined we are in contrast to the British sham *beau monde*, though one cannot help feeling that Miss Royde-Smith has emphasized the contrast as Tacitus emphasized his. The black is too ebon and the white too candid. After all Americans have their failings, and

> Hearts just as brave and true
> Beat on Fifth Avenue
> As in the worst purlieu
> Of the Ritz-Carlton, Claridge's, etc.

But the book is good reading. Really charming passages abound. Lucinda's first meeting with Gervase Moore by the rhododendron-filled chasm is touching and beautiful. The little Welsh maid dreaming with the white peacock in the dusk will be hard to forget. Sweetness is there mingled with the bitter.

It is a pity that Miss Royde-Smith's characters are so convincingly unimportant. She determined that they should be trivial, and they are. But they are so because of her own eccentric choice, and not because of inner necessity which commands us all.

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Rapacious Womanhood

RIVALRY. By SARAH WARDER MACCONNELL. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

"RIVALRY" has to its credit three distinctive merits: a significant theme; an interesting story, an admirable economy of construction. To the last is due the steady, swift movement of the narrative, which at no point either relaxes or deviates from the theme which it illustrates. To it is likewise due the effect of irony which constitutes the special flavor of this novel.

Miss MacConnell's subject is the lust for domination which lies at the source of woman's sexually competitive activities; the desire to be kingpin which, in youth, makes her strive to subdue her mate and, in age, impels her to devour her children like Chronos. The disturbance produced by this core of sexual egotism, by rapacity masquerading as love, as aspiration, as maternal affection, as benefaction—this disturbance provides the theme of "Rivalry." The novel studies the lives of two sisters from youth to old age. A fundamental hostility of temperament sets the terms of their competition, but circumstance makes its prolongation inevitable. And the conclusion of the novel leaves them, old women from whom life has withheld no important experience, still undaunted, still avid, still confronted by the problem which has faced them throughout their lives.

It is in the portrayal of these two characters that Miss MacConnell has exhibited an impressive skill. The convincingness of the story depends, obviously, upon the general truth of the theme, and this is established by the characters. For the author has chosen as her protagonists two women who are in no way exceptional as respects character or temperament, and whose lives move entirely within the bounds of common experience. They are familiar figures to the reader, and their verisimilitude establishes their appeal to the reader's interest and sympathy. By an extremely judicious selection of incident the author has managed to convey, with remarkable economy, the effect of the passage of time; one feels that the complete lives of the characters have been exhibited, and that no significance and no relevant circumstance has been discarded. And the distinctive note of irony is implicit in this effect of completeness; this, the author implies, is what to many women constitutes the whole of life.

In reading "Rivalry," I found myself recalling two novels for which I have considerable admiration; Mr. Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" and Miss Sinclair's "Mary Olivier." "Rivalry" has the convincing realism of the first, a truth to human nature and to circumstance as we know them, and it has the psychological insight, the implicit irony and wit of the second. It reveals a disciplined and sensitive talent, a command of the medium of fiction, and a capacity to translate into the pattern of art the vitality of actual life.

Book and Play

LITERATURE IN THE THEATRE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By W. A. DARLINGTON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Yale University

FEW words are used more loosely than the word literature. Some apply it only to writing of immortal fame; others mean by it a pamphlet advertising a wholesale grocery house, or something even more ephemeral—the propaganda of a political campaign. Many enjoy making an artificial distinction between literature and journalism, and others insist on a similar dead line between literature and drama. Whatever value there may be in the word "literature," it is certain that when a dramatist publishes a play he is appealing to a somewhat different audience and to a somewhat different court from that in the darkened auditorium; and it is equally certain that when a dramatic critic collects from the newspaper columns his impressions of first nights, and prints them in a bound book, he has a hope, however faint, that he may be read by some persons other than those who skim through the morning paper on the subway.

I wish that our New York dramatic critics would from time to time collect their reviews and publish them in book form. They constitute a record both of contemporary plays and criticism thereupon; future students of the theatre would find them valuable. If Mr. Hammond, Mr. Gabriel, Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Woollcott, and others, would publish every year a selection of their reviews in book form, I, for one, should be grateful. I should go even further than that; I should read the books.

Like most London journalists, Mr. W. A. Darlington is well-equipped. He was educated at Cambridge University, where he was Classical Scholar. He taught school, fought in the war, worked on various daily papers, wrote several novels, and since 1920 has been dramatic critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He is now thirty-six years old—a good age, I think, if one had the choice, to remain eternally.

This volume is a collection, apparently without much revision, of first-night reviews, with a few leisurely essays added. The author in a short preface states that they have been altered, rearranged, and in many cases rewritten. Certainly this is true of those that deal with general themes; but I am happy to state that if it is also true of the reviews of first-night performances, the revisions and the additions have not taken off the freshness and vivacity that should characterize immediate impressions.

* * *

The first three papers are called "Stage and Study," and are headed respectively "Literature in the Theatre," "Plays from Novels," and "Academic Criticism." He takes and holds the unassailable position that a play must first and last be judged by its stage value; there cannot be a good play which is a permanent failure in the theatre. His illustrations are interesting and well chosen. Euripides and Shakespeare are greater literary artists than Marlowe, "for this one reason, that when they set out to write drama they understood the word to mean not poetry in dramatic form, but plays for the theatre." The mere fact that a play is written by a literary genius does not prove that it is a good play, or that any theatre-goer is bound to admire it. Few plays are worse than those of Henry James—but there is apparently one, and it was written by a man of genius, Joseph Conrad.

There is no earthly reason why anyone should like what somebody else says he ought to like; it is much better to like what is worth liking. It is refreshing to read what Mr. Darlington says of Conrad's "The Secret Agent:"

> "The Secret Agent" failed because it was a bad play. . . . As usual, the dramatic critics were saddled with the chief share of the blame. . . . "Can't you understand," asks the literary critic, with galling superiority, "that Conrad is a genius who ought to be safe from the attacks of a miserable pipsqueak like you?" "If he's a genius," retorts the pipsqueak fiercely, "why did he write such a damned bad play?" . . . That the failure of the play was a real calamity to the theatre I have no doubt at all. Our stage has been handicapped by the fact that few of our best writers appear to consider it worthy of their attention. . . . Mr. Galsworthy is the brilliant exception, for he writes plays fit to rank beside his novels; and he studies the requirements of the stage. . . . Mr. Arnold Bennett, on the other hand, often seems to write for the theatre as though he despised it. As a result, not only has he never written a play fit to be mentioned in the same breath with "The Old Wives' Tale," but he has had a whole series of dismal and uncompromising failures in the theatre.

In the chapter on Academic Criticism, Mr. Darlington quotes with emphatic approval Brander Matthews's remark that a certain book by an English professor was an essay in "undramatic criticism." He then mentions, citing Clayton Hamilton, three works on the contemporary drama written by American college professors living far from New York; not one of the three mentioned J. M. Barrie, and why? Because when they wrote these books, Barrie had not printed his plays, and they were forced to deal only with printed books; that is, they wrote essays on the theatre that were really essays in literary criticism. To write a book on the modern stage and leave out Barrie—

Other chapters in this book deal with plays from novels (I wish the author could see "An American Tragedy" where a novel owing its success to its minuteness of detail is changed into a form where success depends on just the opposite quality), Stage English, What the Public Wants, War Plays, Amateur Acting, and so on. The chapter "On Being Criticized," will be of interest to every one who has written anything for publication, and who has not? The question is, How much does one suffer from adverse criticism? For my part, speaking from a long and rich experience, I think most writers are too sensitive. An adverse criticism, especially if it is brutal, either enrages or distresses them. Years ago, an American college president, after reading an adverse review in an English paper, fainted away. I am forced to the conclusion that I do not care nearly as much as most writers. Immediately after reading a terrific slating, I am of course angry and somewhat pained; but in a few hours, I find I really do not care a rap. I bear no resentment against my adversary, and whatever depression I have is only momentary. Thomas Hardy called certain reviewers "sworn discouragers of effort," a good and accurate description. I think hostile criticism can do a writer no harm unless he either loses his courage or changes his style and methods. There are two things no one, writer or not, should allow to happen; one must not lose one's courage, and one must not be fool enough to take advice from an enemy.

Mr. Darlington is an excellent critic because he is honest, intelligent, and fearless. His fearlessness is shown by what he says of "If Winter Comes;" "This novel was the work of a serious literary artist whose aim is to understand and portray human nature, not to caricature it after the ecstatic manner of the Ethel M. Dells of this world." Now practically all American newspaper book-reviewers know that it is not "the thing" to praise Mr. Hutchinson; and those who are more anxious to be in style than to be right, even if they secretly enjoyed reading Mr. Hutchinson, would not dare say so in writing.

Of course, Mr. Darlington admires the plays of Shaw, but he says shrewdly, "Mr. Shaw has occasionally been so busy getting outside the conventions of his time that he has forgotten to take human nature with him."

It is pleasant to see that Mr. Darlington believes that the work of Professor George P. Baker in America is in advance of any university work being done in England. This paragraph—he is talking about Granville Barker—ought to gratify many Americans:

> And so, when I begin day-dreaming after Mr. Barker's fashion, I see every university in the country with its own theatre and its own school of drama—even, to some extent, of acting. But it seems to me much more important that would-be playwrights, critics, and producers should use a university school to get a knowledge of the practical side of the theatre than that the budding actors should crowd to it to be scientifically crammed with theory.

Vicious Ignorance

(*Continued from page* 637)

with little art but the knock-him-down variety. He is a prosecuting attorney (as the press so often is) rather than a novelist. It was not religious wrongs that fired him, for Lewis has little religion though plenty of ethics in his brain; it was the affront to right thinking and right living. He is a man who has stepped into a pig-pen and strikes with whatever is hardest and sharpest at the assaulting beasts.

Let us not ask then whether this pastor or that revivalist is like Elmer Gantry, but whether colleges, seminaries, congregations, people can be like that. If an Elmer Gantry is possible, then this book is justified.

Mussolini is shortly to publish a novel dealing with life in Italy during the beginning of the present century. It will be entitled, curiously, "Nothing Is True, but Everything Is Allowed."

The tomb of Pliny, the great Roman author, killed by the eruption of Vesuvius in the first century, has been discovered, complete with his skeleton, near the spot at Miseno where he was killed.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Barrett Wendell

ESSAYS IN MEMORY OF BARRETT WENDELL. By His Assistants. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by Karl Young
Yale University

IT will be a long time before men cease talking about Barrett Wendell; and they will rightly persist in saying that he was, above all, a personality. He was, to be sure, a writer of power and variety. Who can name, for example, a more humanly useful book about French society than his "France of To-day"? But the legend that is forming about his name arises not from his books, but from the lecturer who paced the platform uttering valuable bewilderment to Harvard youth, from the companion who exploded in exhilarating conversation, and from the counsellor who told the truth in the conference room. To know him, or to study under him, was a disturbing and transforming experience. He was a "character."

Naturally, then, several of the essays in the volume before us are concerned with Mr. Wendell himself, his traits of person and of mind. In "Barrett Wendell—Teacher," W. R. Castle presents him authentically as eccentric, iconoclastic, provocative, practical, and sympathetic. Mr. Castle does well in emphasizing Mr. Wendell's sympathy, and in declaring, "He was great in conference." To the truth of this, many hundreds of us will testify warmly. With a genial candor that would have pleased Mr. Wendell, Daniel Sargent ("Professor Wendell and the Philosophers") challenges his tendency to confuse literature and philosophy. By way of introducing intimate appreciations of Alan Seeger and John Reed, E. E. Hunt ("A Footnote on Democracy") records Mr. Wendell's staunch adherence to American political ideals. "Each of us," he wrote somewhere, "would rather live and die a citizen than even the proudest subject. Whoever does not feel this spirit in himself cannot know, in his inner heart, what the name 'American' means." Finally, with notable learning and grace, H. W. L. Dana surveys —"The Six Centuries since Dante,"—a task projected, but left uncompleted, by Mr. Wendell himself. I can mention only the personal part of this delightful essay—the part in which the writer successfully explains the friendships that existed between numerous militant radicals and the Harvard professor who is said to have thanked God that he had never uttered a liberal sentiment. At bottom the explanation is simple: Mr. Wendell was both sincere and magnanimous.

Turning from these personal matters, and reluctantly passing over three essays that have previously appeared in print, a reviewer may be allowed at least to mention the eleven that remain. Two deal with literary theory. O. J. Campbell ("What is Comparative Literature?") lucidly analyzes the methods whereby *littérature comparée* may "create new modes of understanding." Paul Kaufman ("Heralds of Original Genius") discloses fresh relationships between the eighteenth century notion of "genius" and the ideal of liberty. Two essays treat aspects of the Middle Ages. H. R. Patch writes penetratingly of "Chaucer and Mediæval Romance," and Father Riggs ("The Question of Mediævalism") wakens us to our modern need of scholastic philosophy. Aspects of the early English drama are presented by Robert Withington, who skilfully investigates certain antecedents of Shakespeare's "clowns," and by H. W. Herrington, who, once more, finds Marlowe to be a radical in religion. H. B. Lathrop and G. H. Maynadier write of the novel, the former tracing the exhilarating effects of "Don Quixote" throughout English fiction, and the latter showing the influence of Sir Walter Scott's romance upon celebrated writers of sober history. The roster concludes with three essays on modern poetry. H. L. Seaver offers subtle guidance to those who would venture upon translating Oriental lyrics into English, H. G. Leach ("The Forsaken Merman") justifies our love of the faërie in Arnold's perfect poem, and N. J. O'Conor points confidently to the fact that W. B. Yeats is not so much a national poet of Ireland as an individual genius.

This miscellany is a worthy addition to learning and letters, and a particularly happy memorial to Barrett Wendell. He, above all persons, would have relished its variety, erudition, and urbanity.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

III. (*Continued*)

WHEN 1913 came up over the horizon the new year brought with it several books of sensational character. Today we have so many books and plays that cause a discussion of censorship (quite different from that I imagined in my last instalment) that it is hard to see why Daniel Carson Goodman's "Hagar Revelly" should have led to so much chatter in those days. It was not nearly so powerful a book as the Dreiser novels published by then, nor so powerful as David Graham Phillips' "Susan Lennox" to which I have referred. It was a serious novel written without salaciousness, but endeavoring to portray the life of a woman with a considerably chequered career. Prior to it Goodman had written "Unclothed." Both novels were published by Mitchell Kennerley. Goodman's intentions were of the best. His purpose was that of unsparing realism. His failure was in execution. He could write well at times, and also often wrote quite badly. Which accounts for the fact that his rank is not higher among our realists. His daring gained him little more than a *succès de scandale* in the eyes of the general public. T. Everett Harré fared better with his "The Eternal Maiden." Many notable writers of the day applauded it. Harré was also a Kennerley author. But Elizabeth Robins' "My Little Sister" during and after its serialization in *McClure's* became the real talk of the season and went through four editions in no time at all. There was great argument as to whether Miss Robins was not hysterical, whether she did not exaggerate the conditions she referred to. She maintained stoutly that she had not and that the London police would attest the fact that the tragic story she narrated was an occurrence with which between fifty or sixty somewhat similar cases a year had made them entirely familiar.

"My Little Sister," as you will probably remember, was the story of two girls from the provinces who go up to London, are met by a supposed relative, and are lured into a house of prostitution. The elder sister, who tells the story, finally escapes. The younger is lost in the underworld forever. The book was the first outspoken and well-written novel concerning the white slave traffic. Elizabeth Robins had proved herself a novelist before this. She had also proved herself an accomplished actress in Ibsen. Her gift for drama was fully demonstrated in "My Little Sister." Also, she very nearly accomplished a great horror story. The implications of her vividly written novel shocked and held the public. It was as much propaganda as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though infinitely better written. It was intensely serious. It started conversation and argument about white slavery all over the country. In a day of causes and crusades it did not appeal merely as something sensational. The war was yet to come, yet to make all individual horrors in life seem almost trifling in the red light of holocaust.

Curiously enough, speaking of the war, there appeared in 1913 the translation of a foreign book called "The Human Slaughter House." The author was Wilhelm Lamszus. Somewhat more sensational than forceful, it yet inveighed against the institution of militarism in no uncertain terms. It inspired the English poet, Alfred Noyes, to write a long poem, "The Wine Press," which, upon the occasion of the Great War he later recast as "A Belgian Christmas Eve," a proceeding artistically questionable. And I remember that our humorous periodical, *Life*, offered a large prize in 1913 for the best verbal attack upon the folly and stupidity of war, and published several cartoons that look rather strange today, in the light of 1914 and after. Nineteen-thirteen was distinctly an anti-War year so far as this country was concerned. Indeed war seemed so remote from us then that the majority of intelligent people flirted with the notion that it was a monstrous folly which could never again shake any country to its foundations, to say nothing of the world.

From war let us turn to religion. As for public attacks upon formalized religion, those were the days of "The Inside of the Cup" rather than of an "Elmer Gantry." "The Inside of the Cup," by our great "C" writer, Winston Churchill, was a best seller, together with "The Street Called Straight," by Basil King (then anonymous). But the book has not preserved its vitality. Post-war developments have dated it swiftly. A madder, more disillusioned, more confused America has let it slide into limbo. As a matter of fact, so far as I myself am concerned, Winston Churchill remains for me an almost insuperably dull writer. In those days I far preferred to hear my friends discuss Dr. Sigmund Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" or Max Eastman's "The Enjoyment of Poetry." Psychoanalysis and poetry were both "in," and popular in Manhattan. The terminology of the former was pat upon the tongues of the more advanced, and "fixations" and "complexes" had not yet become *clichés*. Poetry was beginning to be psychoanalytic, which didn't make it any better poetry but helped it to gain the ears of the vanguard, if such they were. Then, of course, the new methods of painting had burst in the hues of a Spanish omelet upon Manhattan. Discussion of Cubism and Futurism almost ousted the constant argument concerning Woman Suffrage which swayed those crowds that Gerald Stanley Lee was even then dissecting in his own peculiar manner.

The art of Terpsichore was also undergoing spasmodic changes. The Turkey Trot had, as one humorist put it, become the "puppy snuggle." Cartoons appeared in which the spectral figures of our ancestors raised hands of ghostly horror at the close-clutching, deep-dipping, lissome-bending evolutions of their descendants. Yet the bob, the nude knee, the lip-stick, and high-ball of modern youth were then not even prophesied, and a John Held, Jr., to endow them with ubiquitous familiarity was—well, wherever John was, they did not yet exist for him to deal with. There were multitudinous quips describing the new rhythmic manners—such as the classic "more danced against than dancing." New steps that now seem particularly staid and ancient were caricatured as grotesque. To be sure the prevailing dignity of ladies' costumes did not lend itself particularly well to blither measures, though no one really noticed that at the time.

But to return for a moment or so to the latest developments in painting and sculpture as we knew them fourteen years ago. In these arts as in no others in America a rampant individuality had burst all bounds. Certainly most of the examples of it that we saw were imported from the Continent. But American appreciators were arising and our own artists' experiments were beginning to be made. A sketch entitled "Beautiful New York," in *Life* of the period, reflects the more general kaleidoscopic impression of such work. A drawing, I think by Harry Grant Dart, accompanied the text. The scene was supposed to be Riverside Drive. I cull from the letterpress:

> What might be mistaken for a bursting cooperage establishment attached to the rear end of the Fifth Avenue stage, is an impression of a nude lady climbing the circular stairway, after M. Marcel Duchamp. . . . An attractive pair of beautifully blue sisters, by Hodler, who occupy a prominent position on the sidewalk, may, by their presence, account for the undecided attitude assumed by the checkered officer of the law, but it quite obtains that the Matisse lady, who is crossing the Picabia street with her Matisse child, has considerable to do with his vacillating pose. The Matisse lady is possibly hurrying to learn if the Gauguin Indian is a cannibal. . . . Evidently, M. Gauguin's Indian is yearning to pluck some of M. Dearain's pretty canton *flannel flowers or climb one of his gun metal trees*, but he will pretty soon go behind the 'bus and worship M. Archipanko's marble group, representing a quiet meeting of the City Club. . . .

And I recall another rather amusing drawing of the time in which a soulful Futurist is shown elucidating to a most formidable and complicatedly rotund dowager:

> For instance! At this minute—what do I see when I look at you, Madam? Simply an agglomeration of varicoloured cubes.

Of course we have far outdistanced all this sort of thing, and, indeed, some of the artistic importations of the time have long since receded to the position of classic examples. And a man like Walter Pach, the enthusiast for and champion of all that was best in the new experimentation stands largely vindicated. His taste, sympathy and intuition should be noted here. That is the other side

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of the medal. But in 1913 Gauguin, for an instance, was so new to us that the first reaction of the mass to his tropical violence was amazement and undiscriminating mirth.

Finally, at the end of the instalment for this fortnight, I wish to touch upon two events in the theatre, upon two plays that attracted special attention in 1913. The first was Austin Strong's translation from the French of a play by the wife and son of the famous Edmond Rostand. The play was called in English "A Good Little Devil." It was based upon the fairy tales that Madame Rostand had told her son in his childhood. Ernest Truex played the masculine lead, and the little Juliet of the play was no less a personage than Mary Pickford, some critic remarking that Miss Pickford's enunciation and delivery seemed to point to the fact that most actresses would profit by an apprenticeship in the moving pictures, for "our Mary" had for some time already been acting in the films. The films being voiceless, so far as the actors are concerned, the voice that she brought to the stage must have been God-given. "A Good Little Devil" was a fairy-play and among the elves that haunted Miss Pickford's garden in the drama was a slim and triste fay who bore the name of Lillian Gish. "A Good Little Devil" gained much attention. One critic, at least, however, averred that it did not hold a candle to "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Probably you all remember vividly "The Poor Little Rich Girl" written by Eleanor Gates. It was the dramatization of the novel of that name. It is interesting here because, in a way, it anticipated the dream plays of which so many have run in New York in the last few years. Its expressionism, of course, was hardly expressionism at all, being solidly based upon ordinary dream developments easily understood and recognized by the multitude. But both these plays, in their different ways, foreran the fantasy of which we have had so much upon the stage of our own time. Both were simple and sentimental stories in essence. The first cannot, of course, for an instant be compared with Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," the second had no such social significance as—well, say, "Beggar on Horseback" or "The Adding Machine." Still "The Poor Little Rich Girl" remains a clever and original production. We were to "sound" for much more depth in the theatre after the war, to exercise more imagination and ingenuity, but hardly to do a simple restricted thing in a more dextrous fashion.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

An Impressionist Portrait

NAPOLEON. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD
Harvard University

EMIL LUDWIG, the author of the latest biography of "The Man of Destiny," is a poetic dramatist, who has also written novels and essays, and who, in addition to the present work, has tried his hand at lives of Wagner, Bismarck, and Goethe. He does not claim to be a historian. In fact, he states categorically that "the search for truth demands other talents than those requisite for the art of portrayal," and that to write the history of great minds upon a strictly historical foundation "does not come within the domain of the historian."

In other words, Mr. Ludwig, following the footsteps of Strachey and Guedalla, has produced an impressionistic and emotionalized study of Napoleon. The method is not new; it was applied to art long before by Walter Pater, whose formula for the criticism of pictures, as described by Professor Saintsbury, was as follows:

> Expose mind and sense to them, like the plate of a camera; assist the reception of the impression by cunning lenses of comparison, and history, and hypothesis; shelter it with a cabinet of remembered reading and corroborative imagination; develop it by meditation, and print it off with the light of style.

A process so entirely subjective as the foregoing offers certain difficulties when applied to a biography where the completed edifice must be reared upon a foundation of facts. Furthermore, such a psychoanalytic method, even when practiced by an expert, is difficult to apply with accuracy. The result is undeniably interesting, but is it biography?

It may be granted to Mr. Ludwig that he is writing the history of a man and not of an epoch. Yet it is difficult to see how a true portrait of the man can be drawn by an author who describes the Napoleonic battles as irrelevant, and irrelevant also the positions and coalitions of the European states. Certainly it is not the petty details of Napoleon's amours; the fact that Josephine deceived him, or that he deceived Josephine; the method by which he overcame the scruples of the beautiful Walewska, that make him still the central historical figure in the imagination of the public. It was Napoleon himself who said, more truthfully than his wont, "I do not care much for women. . . . I am entirely a political animal." And, like Machiavelli's Prince, Napoleon's politics were founded on the art of war. To omit his career as a military commander is to omit the very essence of his success. To dismiss Marengo, Austerlitz, and Wagram with a word or two, while giving page after page to his private life, will hardly recommend the book to serious readers.

* * *

The publisher states that "every detail, every fact, is documented and critics who have marveled at the powerful fascination of this book have also marveled at the depth and the breadth of its scholarship." Yet there is not a footnote or reference in the volume; not a bibliography of any sort. It is not difficult, however, to surmise from what sources the material has been obtained. A nation of memoir-writers has surpassed itself in respect to Napoleon, and there is available an almost inexhaustible amount of "human interest" anecdotage. Many of these books were written long after the events described took place; many were composed by men and women who had reason to vindicate their own conduct, or to vilify that of others, and few were produced with that care for accuracy which allows them to serve as trustworthy authorities. Thus the memoirs of Barras, *le roi des pourris;* of Bourienne, cashiered for peculation; of Talleyrand, the nemesis of Napoleon; of Metternich, his implacable enemy; of Las Cases, who helped to win Bonaparte's greatest victory, the battle of St. Helena; these and many more may explain how things happened, but not why. They are merely the sublimated gossip of the era. Finally, there is the correspondence and memoirs of Napoleon himself, the arch-propagandist and journalist, for whom the written word was but a means by which to sway the public opinion of France.

Particularly subject to criticism is the author's habit of putting into his own words what he considers Napoleon would have thought at certain moments in his career. Thus when Napoleon leaves for his Italian command in 1796, Mr. Ludwig interprets his mental reactions in the following soliloquy:

> This is the place I have always coveted as a starting point. Behind me lies Paris; and her bedchamber, hung with mirrors. That is happiness. It is mine. Over there, across the mountains, in that hostile land, is fame. The goal of my desire.

This is the method used 2,000 years ago by Thucydides, who was accustomed to invent speeches for his historical characters. In modern times it is more associated with the mechanics of the novelist than of the historian or even of the biographer.

* * *

It is a simple matter to take single instances in this volume and to demonstrate, if not their inaccuracy, at least their inadequacy. Thus in regard to Napoleon's appointment to the command of the Army of Italy in 1796, several important factors are omitted by Mr. Ludwig. He lays great stress on a bargain between the director, Barras, and his mistress Josephine, who was to be Napoleon's wife. He passes over the subordinate place of the Italian campaign in the military plans for that year which envisaged Germany as the principal theatre of war. He also fails to mention the influence of the other directors on Napoleon's career.

Again it is interesting to note that Mr. Ludwig succumbs to the Napoleonic propaganda which represents Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, as the savior of his country, overlooking the fact that Massena had already won his great victory in Switzerland, and that Suwaroff was in full retreat to Russia.

Furthermore, there is the credulous repetition of the old tale of the cruel treatment of Napoleon by Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena. This tradition has been proved to have been no more than a carefully constructed Napoleonic bid for world sympathy.

There is no intent here to deny the dramatic artistry of the present work. It has much to recommend it. The translation is exceedingly good. The book itself is well manufactured and well illustrated with half-tone reproductions of Napoleon. It has a somewhat futuristic index, to be sure: under "A," for example, one finds such items catalogued as "Aim, see True," "Anachronism, see War," "Anger, see Genuine," "Aside, see Naïve," and so on through the alphabet. The subject matter, as indicated above, has been chosen to tempt the somewhat jaded appetite of the modern reader. It is good literature, but it is hardly history.

In His Habit, as He Lived

PALMERSTON. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: G. P. Putnams Sons. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by NATHANIEL C. KENDRICK
Bowdoin College

IN the ever lively and engaging figure of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Guedalla has found a subject equally agreeable to his tastes and suited to his talents. That eminent statesman, so notable for color and vitality in his lifetime, has been permitted to remain in relative obscurity until now, when his biographer has made him again a living and moving character, so real that his death is almost the loss of a cherished friend.

In spite of a lifetime of service to the state, Palmerston never became exclusively a statesman. He always managed to remain a man, moreover an essentially English man. It is this aspect that Mr. Guedalla catches with greatest success and reproduces with most convincing fidelity. He is never overawed by reputation or fame; Gladstone, Russell, and Peel leave him unmoved and unconvinced; his normal tone is that of the slightly superior skeptic, amused and amusing, and it is a crowning tribute to the peculiar charm and fascination of Palmerston that he evidently commands the full respect of his biographer. With a wealth of anecdote and intimate description, and a style that is compelling and brilliant, even if slightly monotonous, Mr. Guedalla follows Lord Palmerston as he moved, debonair and pugnacious, through the changing England of the nineteenth century. What he ate, where he danced, how he worked—all this and more—is told rapidly and vividly, while a crowded background of diverse personality and varied event is sketched in with sharp, bold strokes that suggest more than they explain.

The scope of the book is extensive. In the author's words, "The life of Palmerston was the life of England and, to a large extent, of Europe, in the last sixteen years of the eighteenth and the first sixty-five of the nineteenth centuries." The execution of the task, within the limits of a single volume, is rendered possible only by Mr. Guedalla's historical method. That is, briefly, to throw out a hint and let the reader do the rest. Consequently the book is seldom merely superficial, as the apparent triviality of much of the detail might suggest. Rather the return is exactly proportional to the previous equipment of the reader.

Sometimes this darting, agile style not only entertains but illuminates with considerable subtlety. When Melbourne objects to "exciting people to commit themselves to a warfare in which you cannot give them effectual support," Mr. Guedalla very acutely remarks that "Palmerston's most vulnerable point was never more sharply touched." At other times clarity and accuracy seem to be sacrificed to a desire for rhetorical effect. The dreary affair of the Spanish Marriages takes on a lurid and journalistic glow; "at Penzance, Lord Palmerston received the staggering news that Louis Philippe had arranged a double marriage at Madrid and, abandoning the rôle of Napoleon for that of Louis XIV., erased the Pyrenees." Similarly at the opening of 1848, "Paris flashed and thundered into revolution," a revolution which an eminent French historian has described as the "shortest and least violent that has ever taken place in France."

Mr. Guedalla remarks that he has "always felt that there is a Muse, no less than a method, of history." Such a view has not been entirely unknown to former historians, in spite of the rather common conception current at present that all readable history dates from the time of Mr. Lytton Strachey. No one will question Mr. Guedalla's deft handling of the Muse but the more sober member of the partnership sometimes has rather a hard struggle to maintain the rapid pace which is set. The reader is seldom wearied by any prolonged excursion into the less spectacular phases of policy and diplomacy. though some twenty-nine thousand despatches passed through Palmerston's hands in 1848, several important aspects of his activity in that year and

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the next, notably his Italian policy, receive only the most casual mention.

If Lord Palmerston devoted most of his time to foreign affairs, he was by no means inactive or without opinions on internal matters. His biographer quite rightly points out that, though not zealous for parliamentary reform, he was a steady and sincere worker for many other reforms of a practical and tangible nature, especially in connection with the abolition of the slave trade. Incidentally Mr. Guedalla absolves him from the charge that he was eager to take a hand in our Civil War. It is noticeable however that, while he ordinarily takes pains to point out the "Palmerstonian" touch with an admiring pen, he sees nothing in the high-handed exploit of Captain Wilkes save an abstract question of international law.

For the benefit of his more professional readers, Mr. Guedalla has included a bibliography and an index, but he evidently feels that any system of exact references would detract unduly from the readable quality of his book. Readable it certainly is, and in addition suggestive and widely informed. In brief Mr. Guedalla has written in accordance with Victor Hugo's observation that "Lord Palmerston appartient un peu a l'histoire et beaucoup au roman."

An Aviator's Diary

WAR BIRDS: The Diary of an Unknown Aviator. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $3.50 net.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

SO much of the ardor, the live idiocy, and the heartbreak of youth has found its way into the pages of this book that it has captivated the American reading public and sold by the thousands. Its very verve and excess strike us as peculiarly American and our Puritan scruples are anæstretized because the gay and bawdy incidents recounted are danced against a crimson backdrop of terror and tragedy and death. We have always wanted to know what those gallant birdmen of ours thought and felt in the brief, glittering interlude before they crashed, and at last this "Diary of an Unknown Aviator" seems to tell us.

It is just, therefore, to inquire whether the book is what it purports to be, an extraordinary document of real value, or whether it is merely another of those entertaining hoaxes now being served to the gullible public. Is this a real diary? Can the name of its author be given? The answer to these questions can be made only partially but accurately.

The book as it stands is not the verbatim diary of any one aviator but it is based largely on the actual diary of Henry McGavock Grider, of Grider, Arkansas, an American aviator who served with the British under Bishop and who fell fighting in France. These statements are conclusions drawn from the following indisputable facts:

Grider, a kinsman of Jacob McGavock Dickinson, ex-Secretary of War, kept a diary from the time he left Canada until the time he landed in England and this diary is now in the possession of his family. With certain verbal changes and a few additions, this diary comprises the first twenty-four pages of "War Birds." Later portions of the book tally in incident, sometimes even in phrasing, with letters written by Grider to friends and relatives near Memphis, Tennessee. As this first diary was not seen by the publishers of "War Birds," Grider presumably copied it into another book and continued the diary. This assumption is strengthened by the fact that a friend of his from Osceola, Arkansas, sent him a blank diary book, receipt of which he acknowledged on February 2nd, and to the use of which he frequently referred in subsequent letters. So much for the proof that "War Birds" is based on the actual diary of Henry Grider.

Now for the proof that the published volume is not the work of Grider alone. Grider was killed in action on June 18th, near Armentières, and his body was never found. "War Birds" purports to continue as a diary from June 18th to August 27th, and ends with an editor's note, which reads:

> Here the diary ends due to the death of its author in aerial combat. He was shot down by a German plane twenty miles behind the German lines. He was given a decent burial by the Germans and his grave was later found by the Red Cross.

Apparently some one close to the dead aviator, probably one of his flying chums, took his original diary, deleted and changed it slightly, added to it considerably, and published it. Such treatment may have made a more readable book; it certainly made a less valuable document.

The Bowling Green

"Pretending to Sleep"

WHAT are you working on now, is a question they frequently ask you. You must not try to tell them. You couldn't even if you would; and if it were possible it would not be wise.

The strange certainty that the conception, though still haphazard, partial, dim, will work itself out, will come to pass, is the craftsman's anchor to windward. If he has that certainty well bedded down in good holding bottom he can ride many a stiff onshore gust of procrastination and doubt. It is well to remember how little offing the artist—any artist has. The beach is very near. I mean psychically as well as financially.

Paul Valéry of the French Academy has written a book of essays called "Variety," now published here in an able translation by Malcolm Cowley. It is a book too profound for me to venture any systematic comment, but as it deals with matters in which we all have a right to speculate—the workings of the mind—I am not ashamed to set down some of my own thoughts. The word *speculate* is well chosen for its double intention. M. Valéry plays hazard among the most delicate and dangerous equilibria we have to consider. Whether writing about La Fontaine or Poe or Proust or Leonardo his theme is really the same: an introspection of the imaginative psyche and how it behaves under the pressure of creative desire. Not often before have I had a happier thrill of verification than in Valéry's pages: here, as previously in Remy de Gourmont, in Santayana, in André Gide, I have exclaimed to myself that this is a man who gives a recognizable picture of the unpicturable: the joys and anxieties of the expectant artist, the fantastic process of the pre-natal care of literature. What actually happens to a work of art before it is born is the gravest problem to the artist; it is a theme mostly disregarded by critics.

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And naturally. It is one of those topics (of which there are more than you might suppose) on which whatever you say is more than likely to be nonsense; indeed, ought to be nonsense. The instinct of the writer who cannot and will not tell his friends what he is working on is based in a fear and shyness unspeakably wise. The innumerable amazements and symbolisms of every day are metabolizing his secret congestion; he is purged and poisoned thirty times a week, he shifts the burden of his reverie from one side to another to see how it carries easiest, there grows in him a mixed ferment and indolence, hope and horror, which only some fellow-initiate can properly envy or deplore. His black immersion in self, mingled with his naturally affectionate curiosity about other human beings, make his conduct grotesque. Playing choice and chance among a continual flicker of significances, constantly thinking of things that can never be mentioned, arrogant and apprehensive by turns, all he can rely on is that sense of certainty: the assurance that it will come. But you must not wonder at his idiotic bearing when someone says "what are you working on now?" Some of the incontinuities and queer lopsides of this human race, if there are any, as some surmise, are due to Satan's casual visit to Eden on the sixth day, our birthday. He had heard that something was going on. "Well," he asked the Creator, "and what are you working on now?"

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Of the great number of things in M. Valéry's book that I should like to quote, of the hundred or so passages of superb shrewdness and subtle understanding, I choose one particularly:

> It is seldom that the lessons which literary history claims to teach have any bearing on the secret of how poems are made. Everything takes place within the artist, as if the observable events of his life had only a superficial influence on his works. The one important fact—the very act of the Muses—is independent of adventures, of the author's mode of life, of incidents, and of anything that could figure in a biography. Everything which history can observe is unimportant.
>
> The essentials of his work are indefinable circumstances, occult encounters, facts visible to one man only, and others which are so easy or familiar to this one man that he disregards them. By examining ourselves, we can easily discover that these incessant and impalpable events are the solid matter of our true personality.
>
> Every creative being is half certain, half uncertain, of his own powers; he feels a known and an unknown, whose incessant relations and unexpected exchanges finally give birth to some production. I do not know what I shall do; yet my mind thinks that it knows itself, and I build and count on this knowledge, which I call *myself*. But *I shall surprise myself*; if I doubted this, I should be nothing. I know that I shall be astonished by this or that thought which will soon occur to me—and yet I demand this surprise! I build and count on it, as I count on my certainty. I hope for something unexpected which I shall create; I have need of my known and my unknown. . . .
>
> Let us despair of having clear vision in these matters, and soothe ourselves with an image. I can imagine this poet, his mind full of ruses and resources, pretending to sleep in the imaginary centre of his still uncreated work, better to capture that moment of his own greatest power which is his prey. In the vague depth of his eyes, all the forces of his desire and all the springs of his instinct are stretched taut. And there, intent on the chances from which she selects her nourishment; there, very obscure in the midst of the nets which she has woven out of words, a mysterious Arachne, muse of the hunt, watches in silence.

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Yes; "pretending to sleep." And he does not talk in his sleep; rather he sleeps in his talk. The only thing I a little demur to is limiting this dreaming life specifically to the artist, for in degree it is true of every human being. Symbolisms and fables are his preoccupation, and if he happens to be intent upon some still unaccomplished fancy he weaves them all into the fabric to see how and where they join his weave. Everything, from Orion's dancing figure sprawled across the sky, to the motor truck marked COAL AND ICE (surely there is some huge significance that these two cancelling opposites are always sold by the same merchant)—everything is calory to his huge appetite for pattern. The enormous uneasiness he feels rises from the large incongruity between his necessary deportment and the cruel insatiate demands of his embryo. So he keeps to the twilight of the mind, takes his dumb pleasure apart from scrutiny. He yearns, as all men must, for the long days and sun-warmed ground of spring; yet he dreads it too; dreads those long dusks that turn good byes into farewells, that shorten the winter nights so fit for silence, for poetries unwritten. Yet spring will come, and the generous daylight that compels too close a study of the dangerous earth.

"A good style in literature," said Ford Madox Ford in his book on Conrad, "if closely examined, will be seen to consist in a constant succession of tiny surprises." A very shrewd remark, and perhaps it is so because the artist's own life is a constant succession of magical amazements. And this faculty of surprising himself, which M. Valéry points out, is the happiest apoplexy in the whole disease. For that bliss, long despaired of, hoped for, counted on, he must sacrifice so much; you will forgive him some truancies.

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Still it remains unpredictable, unamenable to paradigm. The analogy is grotesque, but I think of the mind as a kind of Chinese restaurant where little tables, dimly lit, are set about a polished dancing floor. Soft-footed Oriental boys, dressed in black, pass among the patrons; their demeanor has the vague inscrutability their race suggests to Westerners. The guests at the little tables are Thoughts. The foreign and gently misunderstandable servitors are the things that happen to us—the things that biographers can see. They, and the chop suey, are the visible explanation of the patrons' presence. Every now and then, with one accord, you will see all the Thoughts leave their tables and dance. To an unprejudiced other-planetary observer, looking (as we all do) from another star, it might be thought that the flitting and enigmatic visitation of those dark attendants was the explanation of the dance. To his observation the music, concealed in some balcony, would not be sensible.

Why and when those Thoughts will leave their chop suey and begin to dance, that is the problem.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

There is shortly to be put out in England, says *John O'London's Weekly*, what promises to be a literary discovery of considerable importance—the attempt made as a young man by Algernon Charles Swinburne to complete Keats's unfinished masterpiece, "Hyperion." The poem, which runs to two books and 527 lines, has been edited by Professor Georges Lafourcade, of the Institut Français in London, who also contributes an essay on the influence of Keats on Swinburne's poetry.

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JOHN DAY

Because we believe that readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will be particularly responsive to the beauty of this story of two lives spent in the borderland between phantasy and reality, we quote selections from Miss Elinor Wylie's review of

Shadows Waiting

By Eleanor Carroll Chilton

"Melodrama it is; melodrama of the intellect and of the emotions. . . . Even if we are to accept the word in its strictest meaning, as a drama with a running accompaniment of music, the music is here in the hushed slow poetry of certain scenes and the grave passion of others. . . . This is no 'delicate fantasy,' thank Heaven; it is executed with delicacy, and it is sufficiently fantastic to be true, but over and above these suaver virtues it is full of serious power and intelligence . . .

a little anatomy of melancholy that is all at once intense, poetic, and adorably well-bred. It is never hysterical, never trivial, and in spite of its extreme earnestness, it is never for an instant dull."

—Elinor Wylie

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Books of Special Interest

Words and Their Use

NEW METHODS FOR THE STUDY OF LITERATURE. By EDITH RICKERT. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.

PROFESSOR John M. Manly says in the Introductory Note, "Unless my judgment is badly at fault, Professor Rickert's book will be the sign and the cause of a new era in the study of literature." It is not a little presumptuous to differ from so fine an English scholar as Professor Manly, but in this case let us pray that his judgment is at fault.

With the exception of one chapter on Imagery, the entire book is taken up in the study of words, singly and combined, and chiefly of their sounds. The single letters, vowels and consonants, the syllables stressed and unstressed, the words mostly in their material aspect as found in the dictionary and grammar, their accent and their length, phrases and clauses in their length and rhythm, and also sentences, lines, and stanzas, are discussed, not however in this order but largely in the reverse order.

Although other purposes are avowed, the analysis of Professor Rickert is in fact one of sound chiefly. Her book is new in extending statistical methods and in applying them more largely than others and especially in devising elaborate methods of graphically depicting the different features analysed. For the most part a new terminology and many and very minute divisions accompany the analysis.

The serious limitation of Professor Rickert's methods is that her analysis supposes literature to be oral or sounded whereas it is mostly written. She rightly objects to other methods while admitting their utility. "There can be no question," she says, "that scientific study of literary sources and influences, bibliography and biography, geography, history—all phases of the conditions under which literature is produced—is of the highest importance for the understanding of literature. But it is not the study of literature itself." Professor Rickert's methods are unhappily not the study of literature either, because she omits for the most part the minds of author and reader and centers upon the medium. A chemical analysis or a spectroscope analysis of the pigments on a canvas is not a study of painting but of paints.

Again, although Professor Rickert admits "a complete ignorance of the relationship between sound and æsthetic effect," and "the continual temptation to read into the sound phenomena associations of the word meanings," she herself forgets the obvious fact that language is purely conventional. The ripple of water and the crash of thunder every human being recognizes, but no one unaware of the meaning of ripple and of thunder can hear those sounds of nature in the sounds of the letters. The sounds of the lips are not the sounds of water or of electric storms. Yet Professor Rickert finds letters suggesting "very special and momentary effects" even through a translation.

Take, for instance, the line from an unknown mediæval carol writer who wished to suggest the Virgin's lullaby, "And still she *lull*éd him a*sleep*." It is all a melody of s and l. Or again, the Latin line of another carol writer who tried by the use of sounds to suggest the Virgin playing pat-a-cake with the Child, "Michi plausus oscula da-da," which fairly represents the patting sound.

It seems to the reviewer that these and several other such passages fairly represent the excellent imagination of Professor Rickert. In the Latin line we have the triumph of the hyphen converting the Latin da, da, into an early instance of dadaism and revealing the hitherto unsuspecting infant origin of that freakish language, to which Professor Rickert in her generous sympathy offers hospitality in her book.

The graphs devised to express the statistics are very elaborate and would demand more work than they are worth. Twenty-five years of teaching make the reviewer envious of Professor Rickert's students. She expects from them labor which he could not even hint at without peril to his existence. The purpose of science and its joy is discovery; the purpose and joy of literature is creation. Any method of studying literature which leaves out composition as its final goal is not literary and artistic. Assuredly the ancient rhetoric, which is still alive despite the premature announcement by Professor Manly that it was "slain and buried by the Romantics," never forgets that right thinking is the fountain head of composition and that the value of the medium is in its message. No one gets to a telegram by analyzing a copper wire.

We are promised theses "too numerous to be listed," which are applying the new methods. Will they succeed in stilling the outcries, which are noted by Professor Rickert," against the Ph.D. degree as murdering the love of literature?" We fear not. What is wanted in education is a Ph.D. for creative work as well as for scientific discovery, literature needs a small amount of analysis and a great deal of composition, the workshops of Professor Baker, not averages and percentages. Literature needs more books and methods such as Professor Mearns has given us in "Creative Youth." Suppose all these Chicago theses are completely successful in plotting and picturing every strand of sound in every writer of literature, you will then produce a "new era in literature" most assuredly, because any artist who has any originality or art will break through all those conventions and invent new combinations, as Joyce and the dadaists have done.

A Mortal God

THE LIFE OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA. (Compiled exclusively from the Pali Canon.) By E. H. BREWSTER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH
University of Chicago

HISTORICALLY strange but psychologically obvious, great religious leaders have been for their followers more nearly myths than men. Had an adequate and true biography of them been available from the first, is it not certain that they would have grown less adorably great? No man is god to his Boswell. It is only when men know not what to trust that they trust they know not what. Persons become possible objects for devotion only as they become personages; and this metamorphosis takes place at its worst in the darkness, at its best in the gloaming, but with insuperable difficulty in the full glare of noonday.

It is, however, highly fitting that poetry should be poetically arrived at. So this is a beautiful life of one who has for centuries challenged the love and admiration of millions of men—the Buddha. Romantically and religiously regarded, it is satisfying; scientifically regarded, it is Buddha's resurrection shroud—the man himself is yet to seek. This biography is constructed by putting in presumable chronological order, under fitting headlines, the oldest legends, sayings, and reports concerning him. How old they are nobody knows. They are, however, taken exclusively from the Pali Canon, which in its present form was arranged at the Council of Patna, about 250 B. C. This story differs from other similar lives of the Buddha in that they mix up much later legends with these earliest ones regarding him. It has, therefore, the same advantage over them as would a life of Jesus based upon the gospels have over a life that mixed Dante and Milton indiscriminately with the earliest accounts of Jesus. Though this life of Gotama is, therefore, from a sourcebook compiled several centuries after his death, it is the best that present scholarship can achieve.

It is clear, however, that to get the kind of biography a contemporary literary conscience could be satisfied with one must read not only between the lines of such a compilation as this but also back of the lines. That is, he must use not only all knowledge available regarding the time and place but he must also use his imagination. This is the glory and the utility of the spiritual heroes of mankind—they become ideal only by doffing their reality, immortal only by losing their mortality. It is a beautiful Buddha that Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids puts strategically at the threshold of this literary temple. Certainly no common mortal would ever see the beauties of the inner temple did she not color his glasses as he enters. Once on holy ground and in quest of human worth, the pilgrim can see the saint arise. From his reported talk, from his reported silence; from his reported action, from his reported inaction,—from these there emerges for her not a monk, nor a weak man, nor a wonder-man, nor a vain man, but a "Brother-man;" "a willer of the welfare of men, the worker of the things that are worthy, the warden of his brethren's will . . . a helper as few have been, one who worded for men the "better" within them . . . a helper of the many folk of his own world, a helper toward the worlds of man's wayfaring."

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Books of Special Interest

Teacher's Problems

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF EDUCATION. By ELLWOOD P. CUBBERLEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by I. L. KANDEL
Teachers College

THE general reader and the beginner in the professional field will find few books that present such a clear and compact statement of the content and complexity of the modern problems of education as does Cubberley's "Introduction to the Study of Education." The book is a veritable index to all questions that affect the school system of the United States and the nature of the educative progress. The author has in no case departed from his aim of presenting in a simple form the concrete knowledge that the average citizen and the young student should have "as to what public education attempts to do for their children, as well as to how our school systems should be managed by their elected representatives." Such knowledge is indeed desirable for both types of readers,—for the first, in view of the rising cost of education, for the second, as a survey of the work that the teacher of today will be called upon to perform.

Accordingly, Professor Cubberley deals briefly and succinctly with the history of the educational development of this country, its purposes, organization, and administration, the teacher's work and the teaching process, the development of the child and the learning process, the curriculum and methods, school buildings and school finance, and the outstanding problems of today. Just enough is written on each of these questions to indicate their complexity and to inspire the student with a feeling that he is merely on the threshold of a topic that he must pursue further in the collateral readings supplied for each chapter.

* * *

Many of our difficulties in education Professor Cubberley attributes to the rapid influx of a poor class of immigrant and the apparent inability of the country to assimilate them. The fact is, however, that educationally very little was done until recently to supervise the so-called "melting-pot" and its product. To charge the immigrant with lowering the ideals of the country is merely the beginning of a vicious circle. Benjamin Franklin used the immigrant as an argument for the establishment of his Academy: "And this is the more necessary now to be provided for by the English here, as vast numbers of foreigners are yearly imported among us totally ignorant of our laws, customs, and language." The immigrant has always been with us but whether it has been his presence that has been an obstacle to educational development is a matter which is hardly as settled as Professor Cubberley assumes.

Professor Cubberley does, however, suggest without elaborating it, one of the fundamental reasons for some of the failure of our hard-won educational system. Comparing this with the systems of Germany, France, Italy, or Japan he states that "we seem feeble in our ability to organize and push forward a constructive program for national development." The reason for the comparative success of the countries cited is that each has a definite, clear-cut sense of direction for its educational system, while in the United States little has been done in defining for educational purposes those national ideals that are vaguely felt by all but analyzed by few. If the leaders in the educational world are unable to do this, the teachers in the classroom can hardly be expected to rise above their everyday work to catch a glimpse of the spiritual and ideal goals that they are expected to reach.

Not that Professor Cubberley ignores the commonplace that our schools can be no better than the teachers in them. The whole volume is in a sense a statement of the teacher's problems. And yet the preparation of our teachers is in fact one of the weakest spots in the whole fabric of education. "We have, for the past fifty years, spent most of our increased appropriations for education in lengthening the school term, erecting better buildings, expanding the school system in length and breadth, and in enriching the instruction. But little has been spent in improving the teacher." The result is that with all the development in the theory of curricula and methods of instruction and the application of scientific procedures to the problem of education, "most teaching is still textbook teaching, and most teachers are textbook teachers." It is here that the crucial problem in all aspects of American education lies, a problem that is of far greater importance for the general intellectual and cultural standing of the country than a great many of the investigations conducted in the name of a science of education. For valuable as the contributions in this direction may be, "there are also," as Professor Cubberley points out, "certain outcomes of teaching . . . which are very important, and which the tests do not attempt to measure and evaluate," outcomes which only a well-prepared teacher can secure. "It is not too much to say that upon the public school teacher, and upon those who direct the policies of our schools, rests the burden of the future of our free democratic institutions and the welfare of our national life," concludes Professor Cubberley. Perhaps it is because the whole book is so essentially based on familiarity with the problems of the teacher at work, that Professor Cubberley has avoided any discussions of the advanced wing of educational philosophy.

City Government

PRACTICE OF MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION. By LENT D. UPSON. Century. 1926. $4.

A WHOLESOME interest in the actual administration of our cities has grown up during the present generation, and Dr. Upson has been one of the factors in its development. As director of one of the strongest of the bureaus of municipal research, that at Detroit, and as an instructor in municipal government at the University of Michigan, he has had unusual opportunities to observe and learn. He has done both to a preëminent degree and has given us a book that will prove of real usefulness. This is due not only to his own preparation and experience, but to his wisdom in appreciating, as Wilson put it, that "no man knows enough to write a whole book." To overcome this he has freely and wisely availed himself of the services of a very considerable group of specialists to whom he makes adequate acknowledgement. One may differ with Dr. Upson in his choices, but not with the spirit of his eclecticism. It would seem that he has too generally resorted to directors of research bureaus, whose knowledge all too often is that of the book of the closet type.

Whether government can be regarded as an "exact and distinct" science is open to serious question and Dr. Upson, appreciating this, very seldom assumes the didactic or *ex cathedra* attitude, so often characteristic of municipal researchers and specialists. Indeed it is his freedom from these faults that gives his book its chief value. He is more inclined to be philosophical than otherwise. Take his chapter on Traffic as an illustration. He points out that traffic congestion has very likely been a vexatious problem as long as cities have existed. Even ancient and mediæval cities must have found difficulty in accommodating pedestrians, sedan chairs, pack horses, wains, coaches, and military cavalcades in their narrow and crooked streets—a fact we frequently see illustrated in motion pictures. His discussion of motor vehicles is singularly free from local prejudice, considering that he has spent the last decade in the home of the automobile. Some of his summaries are admirable, giving a concise view of a whole field of activities, though as in all such generalizations there is a tendency to go too far. A splendid index adds to the value of as excellent a piece of work as has been done in this field.

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

IT is a pleasant change, for those who read a great many French books, to come upon "La Vie Raisonnable de Descartes," because though this volume appears in the series called "Le Roman des Grandes Existences" (Plon), there is not enough romance in it to excite the feelings of the most susceptible reader. An admirable, consistent, bachelor life was this great philosopher's, which, for various reasons, he passed chiefly in Holland: because he liked the climate, and because he needed to be let alone and have time for the reflection necessary for his work. The general reader will have forgotten probably that his "Discours de la Mèthode" changed, in the early seventeenth century, the whole handling of philosophy. Descartes was born in 1596, and his mother died soon after his birth leaving him a delicate child who began to observe and question concerning nature as soon as he could speak. M. Louis Dimier who writes this book, and is one of the founders of the royalist *Action Française*, clothes his narrative in a style which is suited to his subject, serious, not at all lyrical—and therefore not in the present fashion—but informing and useful for those who do not care to delve in the longer works of MM. Adam and Tannery, M. Baillet or M. Fouillée.

The Princess Radziwill's French translation of Mrs. Juanita Helm Floyd's interesting book "Les Femmes dans la Vie de Balzac" (which constituted her thesis at Columbia) is published by Plon, with an introduction by the translator, and seventeen unpublished letters by Madame Hanska who became Madame de Balzac. Surely never an author was more influenced by women than the great French novelist, never one appreciated more subtly the power of feminine personality. Here we meet a large group of them, beginning with his non-understanding mother down to his all-comprehending wife, for whom he waited over seventeen years and lived with only three months before his death came. No story could be sadder, more ironicallyetao story could be sadder, more ironically pathetic, than his own and what a wonderful book it would have made could he have written it himself! The reputation of Madame Hanska is defended and sustained in this book. She has lately been a subject of criticism in France, owing to the fact that she was not seen by certain literary men at the bedside of her dying husband whose mother was with him; but the fact that she devoted her long and lonely widowhood to the protection of his memory, the publication of his works, and the payment of his endless debts, should be sufficient testimony to her devotion to Balzac.

A book by Claude Debussy is worth while since it gives the composer's opinions of such musicians as Wagner, Weber, Moussorgski, César Franck, Massenet, Dukas, and many others; his amusing observations upon various orchestral conductors of note from Germany, his theories of music, etc. The volume is made up of short articles which appeared in reviews and journals. It was first published in 1921, and the new edition, entitled like the first "Monsieur Croche, Antidilettante" is issued by the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. The "M. Croche" of the title is an imaginary person whom Debussy met accidentally and under whose influence he freely expresses his personal opinions.

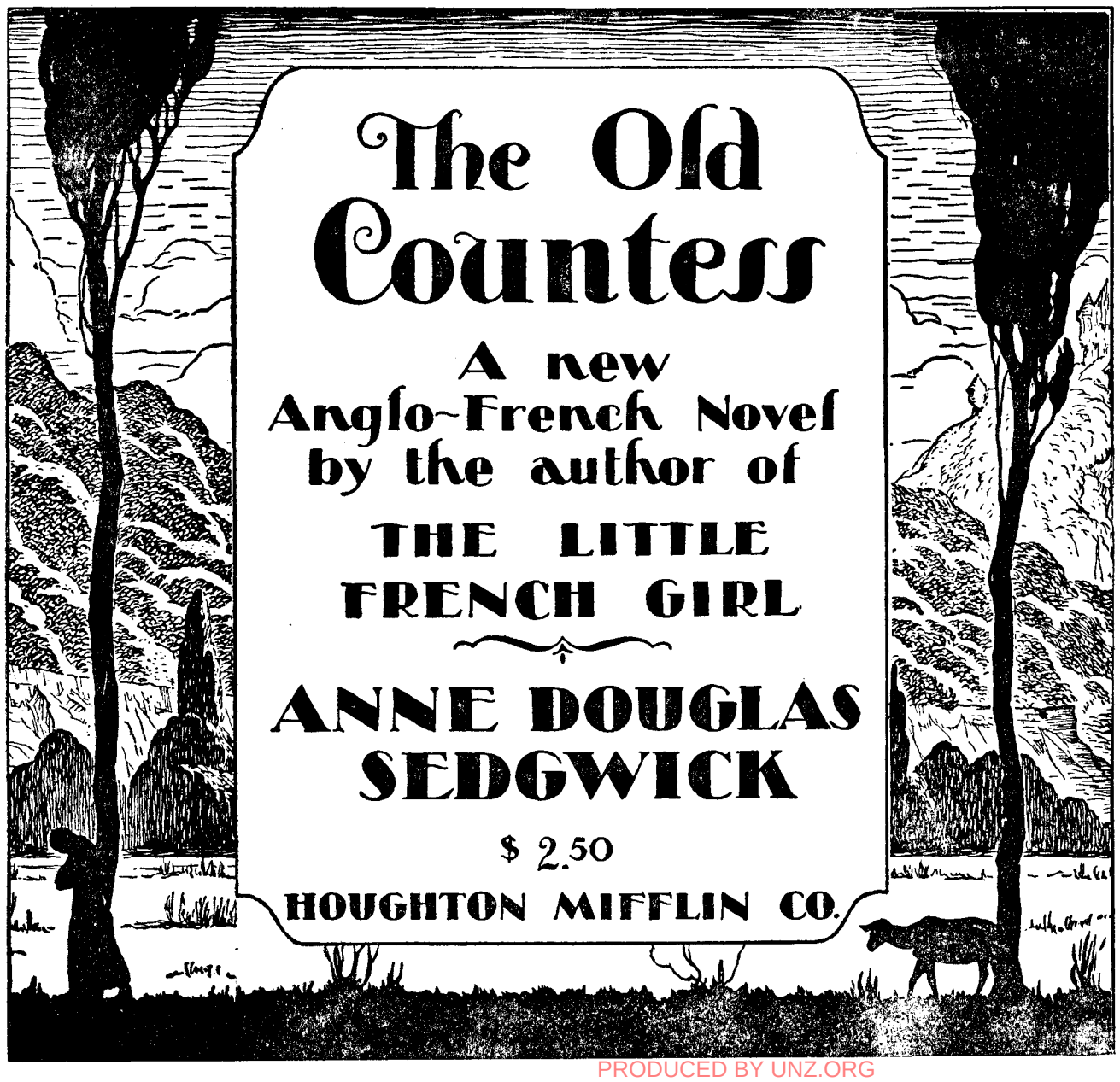
The new book by Romain Rolland, "Pâques-Fleuries" (Albin Michel), is designed to be the Prologue to his Revolutionary Dramas, of which the Epilogue, not yet published, will be entitled "Léonides," as the author explains in his Preface. The present volume is a short play of which the protagonist is Louis-François de Bourbon, Prince de Conty, cousin of King Louis XV, and "more king than the king himself." His independence and inclination for protecting the rights of the nation against royalty place him in opposition to his son, who is loyal to the king but of inferior mold as a man. The action takes place in 1774, and the coming Revolution is plainly threatening. Jean-Jacques appears briefly in the play, and also the fascinating and unmoral Maréchale de Luxembourg, formerly de Boufflers, known at Court as the "Mother of Love."

Maeterlinck's new book is a delight for those who are interested in the study of the social life of insects and in the charm of this author's work. "La Vie des Termites" (Fasquelle) deals with the extraordinary lives of the white ants, those tiny subterranean creatures whose social organization is regarded by some commentators as a prophecy of our possible future socialistic "civilization." If this idea produces a smile, it remains true that the termites are socially organized on lines which may be described as wholly material in aspect. But when this is said there remains the deep mystery of what controls them. There is evidently a head, a directing energy, but it never appears, so far as is known. Every individual has his place in this strange system, his obvious work of being a soldier with head and mandibles made for attack and defense, of being a feeder, with a body which is a small chemical factory of food to be given to the workers who receive it into their own otherwise helpless bodies; of being a queen—there is only one—who lays eggs continuously as long as she lives, never doing anything else; or a meek little consort who forever hides under her. But what chief, what dictator, orders all this specialized activity? No one knows, and of this rather thrilling mystery Maeterlinck makes the most in a literary style of which few can deny the fascination.

The death of the Austrian poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, is regarded here as a loss to literature. Austrian by birth, cosmopolitan in spirit, influenced by modern Danish, French, Russian literature, Rilke won the confidence of French *littérateurs* by his excellent translation of the works of Paul Valéry, and by the singular merit of his own production in poetry and prose. His prose work, "Les Cahiers de Malte Lauride Brigge," written before the war and translated into French last year by Maurice Betz, (published by Emile-Paul), has established his reputation in France. He was born in Prague in 1875, but he was a European in every sense of the word. His close association with the sculptor Rodin to whom he was secretary, was an important phase in his development. He wrote a volume of souvenirs of Rodin.

The Goncourt Prize was taken by M. Henri Deberly for his novel "Le Supplice de Phédre" (Nouvelle Revue Française). Curiously enough, there have been four novels published recently dealing more or less with the same unpleasant subject: a stepmother falling in love, consciously or otherwise, with her young stepson. In "Le Supplice de Phédre" the young mother has married a widower twenty years older than herself, and already loves his little boy, before the wedding occurs, as if he were her own child. Her husband, a commander in the merchant marine, passes most of his time at sea and the education of the boy is left entirely to her. Such is her interest in him that her own little daughter is comparatively neglected—and for all she adds to the book need not have been introduced at all. Little by little the young mother becomes absorbed in the growing lad, with no idea of whither she is tending. The power of M. Deberly's book lies in the remarkable analysis of the growth of this dangerous relationship, and the perfect unconsciousness of the young woman. When at length, after an interesting series of events—including the young man's adventures as the lover of another woman—her feelings make her aware of the abyss at her feet, she draws back in horror and the tragedy is averted. There are lapses of style in the book which justly disturb the critics, and several pages which, decidedly, should be suppressed and which are not at all necessary to the psychology of the story.

M. Charles Sylvestre received the *Prix Femina* for his novel "Prodige du Coeur," and since then has published another book "Dans la Luminère du Cloître," which is full of spiritual beauty. It appears in the Plon series known as "Le Roseau d'Or." (Is this their apology, someone asked, for giving their last prize to M. Delteil's talented but outrageous "Jeanne d'Arc"?) Sylvestre writes particularly well about his beloved France. So does Maurice Genevoix, laureate of the Goncourt Prize in 1925 for his "Raboliot," whose new novel "La Boîte à Pêche" (Grasset), is written about the Loire River, its fishermen and its philosophers.



Corneille's Sources

THE GENESIS AND SOURCES OF PIERRE CORNEILLE'S TRAGEDIES FROM MÉDÉE TO PERTHARITE. By Lawrence Melville Riddle. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires de France. 1926.

ONE does not know whether to rejoice over such works or regret that they should have been written. We cannot but admire the amount of substantial information gathered by the author, and the diligence, the patience displayed by him. But we are rather saddened by the way all this really belittles our idea of a great man—and it betrays a petty mind that considers it a superiority to admire no one. Not that Mr. Riddle meant to disparage Corneille (like such knights of mean criticism as Giese in his "Victor Hugo," or Cerf in his "Anatole France"), but that such a thing just cannot be helped. The greatest men lose something by too minute an analysis,—be their names Shakespeare or Corneille, Louis XIV, Washington, or Gladstone.

Here, it is first the creative genius of Corneille which is made to shrink almost to a vanishing point. From right and left plausible suggestions come forth to the effect that previous works on similar subjects and with the same general conception have not only forestalled but actually inspired Corneille. Of course, the latter remains superior to all; he did his work better, but it would be more pleasant if he had also invented something. One might say here that Mr. Riddle has gone probably a little too far in trying to account for all episodes and all characters—in several instances, even an average man would certainly have come upon such "inventions," all the more so Corneille (see *e. g.*, Mr. Riddle's account of the play "Horace").

Then, by the same "scholarly" analysis of circumstances, the loftiness of Corneille's purposes is made to shrink away, since we are given to understand that it was apart from the beauty of the themes (*e. g.*, "Horace" and "Cinna"), the ungenerous idea of silencing or outwitting a rival that prompted Corneille (Mairet's "Sophonisbe;" Scudery's "Mort de César").

In the third place the vision of Corneille is shown to be narrower from another point of view yet, inasmuch as his themes not only are apparently borrowed at times from outside, but he borrows over and over again his own situations and dramatic motives in earlier plays. For instance, the *tête motif* in "Le Cid," "Cinna," and "Pertharite" (women who offer their love in exchange for some *tête* upon which their honor requires that they should wreak vengeance). Likewise the *motif* of the rejected lover recurs three times, in "Le Cid" (Don Sanche), "Horace" (Valère), and "Médée" (Ægée).

But leaving aside this somewhat depressing aspect of the question, let us end by paying our tribute of admiration to the work accomplished by what we might well call the new Johns Hopkins School, led by Professor Lancaster—we understand better as the work of his pupils are published that all this persistent, slow, at times apparently pointless unearthing of minute facts really leads somewhere. Certainly we shall owe Professor Lancaster a renewed, a more true notion of the theatre of the Classical Age in France, an achievement of no small merit.

And we might add that we agree with Mr. Riddle that probably there is more to be learned by studies in this direction of close relationship of Corneille with literary sources than in the perhaps interesting but quite problematic suggestions of Mr. Van Roosbroek concerning disguised allusions to political events of the day.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ROBERT FIELD. By *Harry Piers*. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $20 net.

Belles Lettres

VARIETY. By *Paul Valéry*. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

APPRAISALS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE. By *Lionel Stevenson*. Macmillan.

FIRE UNDER THE ANDES. By *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant*. Knopf. $4 net.

ABSTRACTS OF THESES. University of Chicago Press.

RELIQUÆ. By *A. D. Godley*. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $6.

ARTISTIC IDEALS. By *Daniel Gregory Mason*. Norton. $2.50.

A NEW HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE. By *James Fitzmaurice-Kelly*.

Biography

BYRON. By *Albert Brecknock*. Appleton.

THE EMBASSY OF SIR THOMAS ROE TO INDIA, 1615-19. Edited by *Sir William Foster*. Oxford University Press. $7.

AFTER MANY YEARS. By *W. E. Heitland*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN. By *Emil Ludwig*. Putnam. $5.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY. Edited by *Aylmer Maude*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

WHITE HOUSE GOSSIP. By *Edna M. Colman*. Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

YOUNG IN THE NINETIES. By *Una Hunt*. Scribner's. $2.

LETTERS OF SIR THOMAS BODLEY TO THOMAS JAMES. Edited by *G. W. Wheeler*. Oxford University Press. $7.

EDMUND GIBSON. By *Norman Sykes*. Oxford University Press. $7.

Drama

DRAMA. By *Ashley Dukes*. Holt. $1.

MASTERPIECES OF CHIKAMATSU. Translated by Asataro Miyamori. Revised by Robert Nichols. Dutton. $8.

Economics

THE BRITISH WORKING CLASS MOVEMENT. By *G. D. H. Cole*. Macmillan. $4.50.

Education

ONE-ACT PLAYS. Edited by *George A. Goldstone*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

GRAMMAR AT WORK. By *Jessie L. Wheeler*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

PIERRE. By *Anatole France*. Edited by Anna Adèle Chenot and Louise Bourgoin. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

CONTES DU MOYEN AGE. By *F. Strowski, Marie de Witt*, and *Jules Lemaitre*. Edited by T. B. Rudmose-Brown. Oxford University Press. 45 cents.

Fiction

LORD OF HIMSELF. By PERCY MARKS. New York: The Century Company. 1927. $2.

Mr. Marks's new novel continues the adventures of some of the characters who appeared in "The Plastic Age," and is mainly concerned with the spiritual development of the new-rich young Carl Peters, just out of college, and floundering about in the brittle hullabaloo of New York life.

The author is one of those supposed to conceal, beneath a surface of relentless realism, a deep idealism; an "indignant belief," as the publishers put it, in the more or less young generation's possibility of better things.

This slightly evangelical aim is something the spectator to young Mr. Peter's bouts with various Manhattan varieties of flesh and spirit is seldom permitted to forget. Whether the matter in hand be the pictures in the Metropolitan or the accepted characteristics of those who do or do not "belong;" gin and necking or the inwardness of what used to be described as sacred love, the reader is never left for longer than a few paragraphs without a clear indication—although the moral be put into supposedly artless dialogue—of what is really the true and the beautiful. And step by step, despite his tendency to backslip, young Mr. Peters blunderingly grows in grace, until we finally leave him, at sunset, "looking at the daffodils."

Not that that "superficial aspect of startling realism" isn't bravely maintained. When the impetuous Mr. Peters endeavors, after a summer evening's motor drive through Westchester, to embrace the young woman who eventually teaches him the meaning of true love, she, a lady of good family and breeding, answers that she's "not going to get drunk and have a petting party. I'm going the whole hog or none."

"I'm not ready," she continues, briskly, "to go the whole hog with you, but I'm not going to let you mess around me either. O, I'd like it as much as you would; it isn't that. It's something else. I've been damned unhappy for a year, and I tried to forget it by drinking like a fool and letting every fellow neck me that came near me. Well, I didn't forget anything—and I can't forget the necking besides. I'm off that stuff, off of it! If you want to pet me just because you always do it, forget it, forget it and we'll be friends; but if you want to kiss me because you've been nice to me and think that it's coming to you, go ahead and kiss me until your mouth's sore; then take me home—and fade. I'll pay my debts, but you can bank on it that I'm not going to run up any new ones."

There is plenty of such vigorous dialogue, in which we are supposed to see the just-out-of-college generation without masks. The trouble with much of it, and, indeed, with most of Mr. Marks's story, is that it does not seem to spring from something inevitable of which the author happens to be the reporter, but is something devised and arranged by himself, to carry out his pre-arranged theme. There is little illusion, no strong current or background of life, into and out of which the characters of the story pass and emerge. They step on a stage, without, so to speak, scenery, lights, the pulse and odor of that greater life of which individuals of any sort are but a part, and bark their "startling realism," all to the end that, whether or no, young Mr. Carl Peters, shall realize his creator's title and eventually be "lord of himself."

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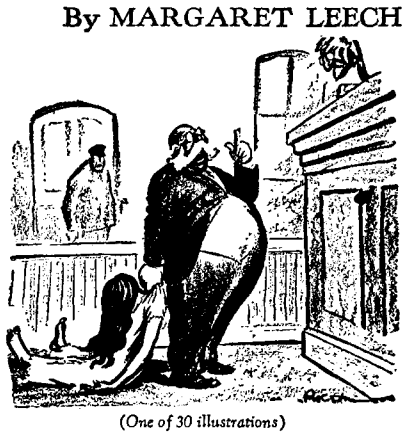

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STOKES BOOKS STOKES BOOKS

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

STORE OF LADIES. By LOUIS GOLDING. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

This is a sophisticated story of the passion which Mrs. Horsham, a wealthy widow from Belgravia, conceived for Jimmy Burton, a handsome young boxer from Bermondsey and of its final collapse on the cosmopolitan isle of Fiore del Mare.

In the book's conjunction of sentiment and sensuality, of exceedingly naive points of view with the most disillusioned, and finally in the very scene of its latter chapters, there is something reminiscent of all the sophisticated writings which have sprung from "South Wind." "Store of Ladies" seems a little stereotyped, as though it had been cast from a mold.

It has the additional fault, which characterizes the type in general, of failing to maintain either a comic or a serious point of view. To have a lady of fashion lose her heart for no particular reason to a professional bruiser, would be deliciously funny. Why, then, does the author spoil it by vainly emphasizing the aridity of Mrs. Horsham's existence with her late husband as justification for her tardy though violent outburst of passion? Emma, the boxer's Cockney sweetheart, is more than real when Golding talks of her as pretty "in the manner of the better kind of chocolate box;" but when he abandons this playfully satirical point of view to describe seriously a scene of parting between the young lovers, he falls into the most commonplace sentimentality, and only displays his ignorance of Cockney slang.

The latter part of the book, concerning itself with life on Fiore del Mare, is the best. Here Mrs. Horsham's sad gesture toward self-expression becomes secondary, and we are aware only of Jimmy Burton stalking with the insouciance and purity of a bull among his herd of Continental Ladies on the beach of Piccola Bocca. When he packs his fingernails with mustard to keep from biting them and thereby make himself more presentable to Sylvia von Gleichen, he becomes for the moment a character of genuine absurdity.

BROKEN NECKS. By BEN HECHT. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1926. $2.50.

These sketches of ten and twelve years ago represent Ben Hecht watching himself write. They are Ben Hecht over-writing. But they are Ben Hecht. They are the same Ben Hecht who most recently wrote "Count Bruga" and the difference between "Broken Necks" and "Count Bruga" are artistic rather than personal. His vividly impressionistic style, his peculiar comic sense, his gusto for life and interest in all its varieties, his pronounced interest in the physical—all of these are in "Broken Necks" just as all of them have survived it.

"Broken Necks," I suppose, is journalism—rather obvious journalism. It has the faults of journalism, heightened writing, over-writing, superfluous writing. It is a series of human interest stories by an expert feature writer rather than a series of artistic characterizations. It is decorated with the trappings of the feature writer rather than hewn to the line by a careful, self-obliterating craftsman. It expresses a human personality rather than a literary personality, communicating not an essence, but an overflow. Ben Hecht is more important than any one he writes about; and he is more interesting. If this, then, is a tribute to Hecht the person, it is a limitation in Hecht the writer. Max Beerbohm—a personal writer—is not more interesting than his Enoch Soames, his William and Mary, his Savanarola Brown. No really good writer can afford to be altogether superior to his creations.

But Hecht's creations and his tales are interesting all the same; interesting with the passing vividness of human-interest subjects, of freak exhibits, of pathetic anomalies. They are particularly interesting because of Hecht's youthfully sardonic way of treating them. There is that burlesque of a movie critic, Brown; that burlesque professor, Wombat; the pompous negro maniac who was hanged; the down-and-out who got back on his feet and had a boring taste for literature; the disgusting beggar of "Gratitude" and the papier-maché philosopher, Mishkin. These are all clever exaggerations, all the better for their over-written presentation. It is something, surely, to over-write as well as Hecht does. And even those who dislike blare and glare will find the blare and glare of "Broken Necks" individual and on occasion powerful, with something of tangible humanity beneath them.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING. By W. L. GEORGE. Putnams. 1927. $2.

Mr. George chose a potentially important theme, but he succeeded in squeezing from it only the more obvious and less flavorous juices. Where Defoe and Samuel Butler, Stacpoole and Rose Macaulay—to mention only a few of his predecessors—extracted heady, tickling, or soothing vintages compounded of realism, irony, romanticism, and satire, he has been content to concoct a pink lemonade. His story of the fifty-nine children, all between the ages of five and eight, who landed upon an uninhabited island off the coast of Venezuela, and his attempt to trace the evolution of the cosmos that resulted from that landing might well have achieved significance of one sort or another. The book remains, however, merely an illustrated anthropological tract—in words of one syllable.

Those who have speculated upon the progress of the human race from savagery toward civilization will here find the primitive stages described in accordance with the theories of the elementary handbooks of sociology and anthropology. Left to shift entirely for themselves, these "children of the morning" of mixed antecedents—American, English, Scotch, German, French, Spanish—soon begin to exhibit characteristic and widely varying traits. We follow them thenceforth as individuals and as a group in their conquest of the island and of themselves.

They early piece together a workable and rather amusing language, and presently—through accident or the meanest of motives—discover the processes of agriculture, build shelters for themselves, invent tools and weapons, devise boats and nets for the snaring of fish, stumble upon the uses of fire. The material advancement of the group is seldom due to the wiser or cleverer of the children, and their theology owes its forms and substance entirely to fear and chance. It is quite different, however, with their social institutions. Very soon the islanders split into factions of hill and plain, the former following arbitrary force as embodied in the cruel brute Tsarlie, the latter evolving a sort of democracy under the leadership of the sage young Dzon. Dzon it is who, after the islanders have weathered the unsettling and feverish hazards of puberty, formulates the laws of possession, of marriage and of monogamy, all institutions which the hill folk fail to recognize.

Strife between the two groups eventually becomes inevitable, and with the rise of a prophet, a tyrant and a general, the necessary elements for precipitating it are at hand. War succeeds war before a patched-up peace can be made. But Mr. George is pessimistic about the durability of this peace. "Life, by becoming happy and secure, becomes dull." In the end the wise and just Dzon is repudiated by his people because he has refused to become their master. We are told that democracy demands war, revolution, heroes, and martyrs—anything to contrast "with the calm scheme of sanity."

Somehow through all this the creative touch that might have made it luminous is wanting. The book's "philosophy"—if one dare misuse so dignified a term—is as feeble as it is sterile; its "science" is of course undocumented. And it is difficult to see how this posthumous volume, judged merely as imaginative fiction, can add anything to the author's reputation.

JENNIFER. By JOHN PALMER. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

Even without the dedication to Pirandello it would soon be evident to the reader that Mr. Palmer in his new novel is attempting to transplant into the field of fiction the Italian dramatist's recurrent theme of the relativity of "truth." But the tale is to be welcomed as an unusual and original experiment, whatever may be thought of its intrinsic success in exploiting the Pirandellian preoccupation with *Finzione! Realtà!*

The strangeness of its pattern becomes manifest at the very beginning. Jennifer has left her husband with the avowed intention of bestowing herself upon another man, and it is Jennifer's husband who, some twenty-four hours after her departure, sits down to write for us her story. His desire, he explains, is to set forth as objectively as possible what he knows about his enigmatic wife in the hope that he may thus recover her in the only sense that matters.

For Jennifer is like those imaginative children who fail to distinguish between truth and fiction, who invent stories in which they half believe and project themselves into chimerical situations without being altogether aware of the fact that they are play-acting. With Jennifer the instinct is so pervasive that she is herself only when

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she is pretending. To find the "real" Jennifer therefore one must enter sympathetically into her world of illusion, and it is that the writer of her story proposes—somewhat belatedly—to do.

Unfortunately, some time before her husband had discovered the secret of how to capture Jennifer, the young dramatist who loved her had learned it and turned it to his own account. He indeed conceived the idea of letting Jennifer act to her heart's content, and persuaded her to go on the stage. He even wrote for her a play that dramatized the situation—as he understood it—existing between her, himself, and her husband. And once on the stage Jennifer became amazingly, disconcertingly "real!"

We need not pursue Mr. Palmer's fascinating *jeu d'esprit* any further. Whether Jennifer actually offered herself to the man who recreated her identity for her, and whether if she did, he accepted the gift, knowing how and why it was proffered, these are subtleties that Jennifer's husband seeks to penetrate by *a priori* analyses.

The limitations of this manner of telling a story are of course obvious. What happened to Jennifer after she left home remains a matter of her husband's deductions. We see this prismatic creature only through his eyes. And at that, we see too much of of her. The suspicion becomes certainty before the last page has been reached that the "real" Jennifer is not nearly as worth discovering as her husband and lover believe: the woman is neither vital nor subtle enough to bear the strain of all this pother. Like any other specimen in a laboratory, the more she is dissected the smaller she becomes. There is the further difficulty that the narrator, so essentially a part of her story, excludes himself "by hypothesis;" our conception of him is necessarily distorted since he is never in the direct line of vision. And the pseudo-editorial footnotes only make matters worse by introducing a superfluous, inartistic, and discordant element into the general design.

Yet "Jennifer" remains an interesting experiment. The author has chosen a significant theme and given it an original expression. It is problematical whether the question "What is truth?" can be answered in a novel—or for that matter in a Platonic dialogue or a Pirandello play—but Mr. Palmer is surely to be commended for his attempt. To readers and writers of imaginative prose struggling to escape from old formulæ and to discover new ones the book will prove both refreshing and stimulating.

THE BLACK BLOODHOUND. By FARNHAM BISHOP. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

The scene of this gory and rousing sea tale is the West Indian waters of a century ago, when merchant ships were being cruelly harassed by a mysterious masked pirate, the Black Bloodhound, and his crew of seventy ruffians. Near the Cuban coast the frigate *Constellation* encounters one of the buccaneers' victims, the American packet, *Brotherly Love*, on which but a lone man, and he the mentally broken wreck of barbarous torture, is found alive. A prize-crew of fourteen men, commanded by a lieutenant, takes the abandoned ship to Havana whence, after slight, but adventurous delay, she departs homeward bound. Once more she is overtaken by the Black Bloodhound, and in a sea fight as thrilling to read as any we have met in recent years, she beats her lawless foe and captures the sinister leader. Then only is his identity revealed. "The Black Bloodhound" is a capital story, told with potent vividness of description and unabated swiftness of action.

THE CURSE OF THE RECKAVILES. By WALTER S. MASTERMAN. Dutton. 1927. $2.

"The Curse of the Reckaviles" is a joke. From whatever standpoint we view this so-called novel we can see nothing but obscurity, incompetence, and worthlessness. Such comprehensive damnation is seldom justified, but in this case it is eminently suitable. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that the characters, the plot, and the general conception of the volume are as absurd as its grammar, of which three samples are appended:

"You are on dangerous ground, you do not know who you are taking for a friend."

"Progress was difficult against the wind bitter with salt and driven sand, carrying a heavy shopping basket."

". . . get the name of the fisherman whom Mr. Halley says was with him on the night of the murder."

The jacket, one of the most attractive that we have recently seen, is a snare for the unwary.

ONE, TWO, THREE. By PAUL SELVER. Doran. 1927. $2.

If only this tale were as clever in the telling as it obviously intends to be, its vacuity of substance could be overlooked. But unfortunately its diluted blend of Huxley, Morand, and Mencken is much too tasteless and flat to wash down its singularly unimportant story. The hero engages in a couple of erotic adventures of the sophomoric varsity and at the same time outwits the London critical world by getting his own play produced as "a translation from the Polabian." In consequence we are treated to the author's views on pasionate, amorous, and sensuous love and to various satirical gems that are almost as sparkling as Mr. Woolworth's.

DEEP ENOUGH. By *Malcolm Ross*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
DAWN. By *Irving Bacheller*. Macmillan. $2.50.
THE DARK FIRE. By *Elinor Mordaunt*. Century. $2.
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POPANILLA AND OTHER TALES. By *Benjamin Disraeli*. Knopf.
STORE OF LADIES. By *Louis Golding*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
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FLOWER PHANTOMS. By *Ronald Fraser*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
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DECADENCE. By *Maxim Gorky*. McBride. $2.50 net.
LOTUS OF THE DUSK. By *Dorothy Graham*.
OCEAN TRAMPS. Edited by *Edgar Williams*. Norman, Remington. $2.50.
THE ARDENT FLAME. By *Frances Winwar*. Century. $2.
BLACK BUTTERFLIES. By *Elizabeth Jordan*. Century. $2.
DRIFTWOOD SPARS. By *Percival Christopher Wren*. Stokes. $2.
THE RETURN OF SNOWSHOE AL. By *Albert J. Bromley*. Minton, Balch. $1.50.
ADAM IN MOONSHINE. By *J. B. Priestley*. Harpers. $2.50.
UNQUENCHABLE FIRE. By *Joan Sutherland*. Harper's. $2.
THE GIRL IN BLACK. By *Victor Bridges*. Lippincott. $2.
THE NEW POOR. By *Clarissa Fairchild Cushman*. Harper's. $2.

Foreign

CHATEAUBRIAND. Edited by *George Rogers*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
LE GANT DE CRIN. By *Pierre Reverdy*. Paris: Plon.

History

ANGLO-DUTCH RELATIONS. By *J. F. Bense*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.
THE HISTORY OF HEBREW CIVILIZATION. By *Alfred Bertholet*. Brentano's. $4.50.
ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN FRANCE DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *Henri Sée*. Knopf. $3 net.
THE NEGRO IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF VIRGINIA. By *A. A. Taylor*. Washington: Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.
THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS. By *Dorothy Mills*. Putnam's. $2.50.

International

GERMAN COLONIZATION PAST AND FUTURE. By *Heinrich Schnee*. Knopf. $3 net.
THE BABBIT WARREN. By *C. E. M. Joad*. Harpers. $2.50.
FRANCE. By *Sisley Huddleston*. Scribners. $5.
IMPERIALISM: THE STATE AND REVOLUTION. By *N. Lenin*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.
INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY. By *Benjamin R. Tucker*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

(*Continued on next page*)

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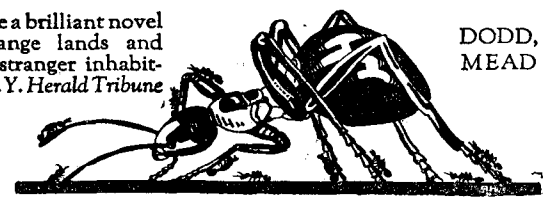
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Juvenile

ELIZA AND THE ELVES. By RACHEL FIELD. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

The real elfin quality is something at once very definite and very illusive; rare, and impossible to counterfeit, try as you may. Whimsicality, impishness, extravagance, and a strange insane sort of logic all go to its making. Rachel Field is one of the very few people who have managed to catch this spirit in its perfection; so much so that one could almost suspect a changeling somewhere in her own ancestry to account for it. "Eliza and the Elves" is one of the most delightful and spontaneous books we have come across in a long while, full of humor, absurdity, and quaintness.

Eliza MacPann was an infant to whom the elves took an incontrollable fancy from the moment they first set eyes on her in her cradle. Have her they would, and have her they did, in spite of her rigid and sanctimonious parents, her guarded upbringing, and even the family Bible itself. Eliza's elf-locks were the trouble; her parents would tie them down and crop them short, and the elves had to wait thirteen years till their chance came at last. The story of their struggle, aided and abetted by Eliza herself, and culminating in her final victorious snatching from the very platform of the church sociable and before the scandalized and bewitched congregation, is a joy. "In a green blaze she went, and every hair of her head bristled like a fork of lightening."

The story of Eliza is real literature; a little masterpiece of style and invention and the most individual thing in the book. The Elfin Pup and the Fairy Gentleman are also amusingly told and full of drollery, while the interspersed verses have a whimsical touch suggestive at times of De la Mare in his most elfin mood. Eliza is a book that every child with a sense of humor and the right respect for nonsense will love, and many older people too. Miss Field has an admirable collaborator in Elizabeth MacKinstry, whose drawings and decorations, conceived in the same genial spirit of fantasy, add greatly to the pleasure of the book.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By *Louis Untermeyer*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

JOAN'S DOVE. By *Eleanor Farjeon*. Stokes. $2.

REDCOAT, THE PHANTOM FOX. By *Clarence Hawks*. Bradley. $1.50.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TRAFALGAR LAD. By *John Lesterman*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

TOM CARDIFF IN THE BIG TOP. By *Howard R. Garis*. Bradley. $1.50.

THE DREAM COACH. By *Anne* and *Dillwyn Parrish*. Macmillan. $1.75.

ONE BOY TOO MANY. By *Lebbeus Mitchell*. Century. $1.75.

A YEAR IN THE WONDERLAND OF TREES. By *Hallam Hawksworth*. Scribners. $1.60.

ONCE IN FRANCE. By *Marguerite Clément*. Doubleday, Page. $2.

THE SQUARE DOG. By *Annie Archbold Miller*. Illustrated by Edna E. Potter. Greenberg.

THE TEN DREAMS. By *Zach Peters*. Winston.

MARTIN'S ADVENTURE. By *Cynthia Asquith*. Scribners. $1.75.

THE ADVENTURES OF A TRAFALGAR LAD. By *John Lesterman*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Miscellaneous

THE TIRED CHILD. By MAX SEHAM. and GRETE SEHAM. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

The tired business man has no longer a monopoly on fatigue. He will find his rival or companion in the nursery or the schoolroom. The importance of recognizing fatigue as a dominating factor in physical and mental condition, is responsible for the pertinent title of the book. The pity is that with so good a text, what is an acceptable contribution fails to be an attractive or an adequate one. It is a direct, simple, and almost routine presentation of each and all of the health factors, with special reference to the departure from this desirable condition, for which a diminished energy and an undue susceptibility to fatigue is commonly responsible. The thesis thus well fortified will prevent in some measure the mistaking of a true nervous deviation for the common moral fault of laziness. The terrific stress and strain of modern conditions, making an assault on the nervous system, what the Germans call "over-burdening"—of child and adult alike—is an added reason for considering fatigue and its social implications, unrest.

The "fatigue" psychologist, no less than the efficiency expert, requires an exceptional equipment, in this instance, a keen sympathetic insight into the motivation of child life, which is present but not prominent in this study, despite the ability of the authors, —the one a specialist in diseases of children and the other an expert in chemistry. The book is phrased to be comprehensible to parents, and is itself rather overburdened with advice, often approaching an impractical council of perfection. Its service lies in the orderly account of the various factors of a fatigue condition, the recognition of its symptoms, the measures of its prompt treatment, and a sampling of "cases."

The elaborate bibliography is certainly out of place in a book thus directed, and the command of the material has not matured in a concept of the nature of the fatigue process, and of the underlying reasons why the energy cycle plays so large a part in behavior. The book thus lacks a physiological and psychological setting. It may be welcomed for its recognition of a type of child requiring special consideration, but cannot be rated as a sharply focused rendering even in the practical aspects of the problem thus presented. It fails, for example, to direct advice towards the border-line cases which in all such difficulties (for they are hardly disorders) constitute the largest number of actual though not of clinical cases. The critical reader may express gratitude for a convenient handbook, along with regret that so admirable a programme has not been more effectively consummated.

Pamphlets

STRIKE STRATEGY. By *William Z. Foster*. Chicago, Ill: 156 West Washington St. Trade Union Educational League.

THE DANUBE-ÆGEAN WATERWAY PROJECT. By *Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich*. Somerville, N. J.: Unionist-Gazette Association.

THE MENACE OF DIVORCE. By *Gabriel Wells*. Doubleday, Page.

Poetry

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB. By REBECCA MCCANN. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1927. $2.

Not living in Chicago nor reading *The Chicago Evening Post*, we had never heard of "The Cheerful Cherub" before. Hence the revised and enlarged edition of this kewpious individual, with a Valentine band around it, aroused the ignorant exclamation, "Oh Lord, another of those merry sunshine books!" But as we whisked through the pages, each lettered and illustrated by the author with rather stereotyped little cherubic figures, we were startled by the following unstereotyped expression:

My crude little sister makes terrible breaks,
And nothing we do seems to stop her.
She won't be unnatural, scold as we may—
And we all know that Nature's improper.

"Hold on!" we said, "that isn't so terrible." Nor, we found, were:

SMUGNESS

I feel so smug when I've been good
I soon become unbearable—
I'm really pleasanter to know
When I have been just terrible.

QUERY

They say a life of struggle grim,
Of facing every task,
Will get you some place in the end—
But where, if I may ask?

MEDES

I hear of the Medes and Persians
But never pay much heed—
I don't believe I could mention
A single prominent Mede!

BUTTERFLY

The butterfly just floats through life
As careless as a bubble.
I walk a stern and moral path—
A soul is lots of trouble.

There are other verses more platitudinous and moralistic in this little book, but there are also a good many that are extremely refreshing. Miss McCann is certainly decidedly above most of the verse-a-day lyrists that we know.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. Chosen by *David Nichol Smith*. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

THE TEST OF THE SKY. By *Dora Read Goodale*. Dorrance.

NEWS OF THE DEVIL. By *Humbert Wolfe*. Holt.

PATRIOTIC AND OCCASIONAL VERSE. By *Archibald Hopkins*. Hitchcock.

FIFTY POEMS BY AMERICAN POETS. Edited by *Joseph Dean*. New York: Dean & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue. $1.50.

SONGS OF THE HILLS AND THE SEA. By *William Sanger*. Putnam. 75 cents.

Religion

RELIGION AND MORBID MENTAL STATES. By H. I. SCHOU. Translated from the Danish by W. WORSTER. Century. 1926. $1.

This is the second volume of the Century Company's Practical Series, and it belongs in a so-named series. The bearing of the subject matter on our daily problems of personal contact is much more practical than if it were indeed only composed of case records of extreme aberration. At the branching of any road there should be a guide-post, saying, "This way lies thus and so." At the beginning of a road we want to know whither it will lead if we follow it through. The case records given as "horrible examples" of eventuations may be thought of as finger-posts at the beginning of the path of abnormality. We constantly touch lives that are at the parting of their ways. Our daily contacts are with incipient morbidnesses which must not be allowed further steps. The constant traits are recognizable by the plain and dramatic finalities where normal wholesomeness at last falls away. We must become expert at recognizing symptoms before the trouble gets its grip. This is the main value of this book.

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himself between the lines that this or that morbidness is taking hold on Jack or Jill, who are not yet candidates for sanatoria by a great degree. The reader will be helped with Aunt Mehitabel's phobias, however, if he will draw his own conclusions.

Psychotheraptists assert with unanimity that every functional derangement has at bottom a dislocation of faith as its cause. Not a dislocation of creed, nor of conscious theology, of course, but of the natural and well balanced instinctive faith which produces wholesomeness and unselfconsciousness. Dr. Schou is very charitable that he does not more severely score the typical church for its morbid emphases. Chesterton says that a small child alone in the dark can invent more hells than Swedenborg, and that the Church must provide the guardian angels at his bedside. Psychology would seem to indicate the reverse, that the natural and instinctive child really left to itself will trust a friendly universe and that the historic church has too frequently specialized in morbid and bogey-ish suggestion until the natural trend of a faith that *is* faith has been diverted to misemphasis on guilt and introspective self-analysis under the obsession of fear. Would that this little book might admonish the churches to specialize a little more in sunshine and the presentation of a God with Whom one may spontaneously fall in love. Then there would be less wreckage of sanity by half-understood dogmatics.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY. By GEORG BRANDES. Copenhagen, Gyldendale. 1927.

Whatever may be the individual opinion about a work dealing with a subject so open to controversy as is criticism of biblical history, that Brandes, who has just passed away in the eighty-sixth year of his age should still have been able to engage in a labor that at all events must have required enormous study and investigation cannot fail to arouse interest anew in this noted Danish scholar. He stood at the time of his death the undisputed nestor of literature in his chosen domain as critic and, for this reason, whatever came from his virile pen commanded attention.

In accounting for the origin of Christianity, Brandes affirms that a certain kind of communism was the mainspring giving birth to the new religious idea. For this reason, in fact, he divides his book into two parts, "Communism" and "Paulism," with the idea that Paul, even more than Jesus, was the originator of what became known later as Christianity.

The economic and spiritual conditions of the time, Brandes avers, were such that the field was ripe for sowing just such ideas as drew to themselves the proletariat. The position of the oppressed masses, the author advances as fundamental of what was to come, and it is his opinion that it was not Palestine as such but the Roman Empire as a whole, which fostered the "communistic" ideals that were incorporated in the New Testament and which later on were thoroughly formed into what became the Church of Rome.

Jesus, according to Brandes, left no written record. He was not the author of the Gospels of Paul, which according to him were accounts put down during the second century by a number of men of quite differing ideas. Brandes will have it that Paul never knew Jesus, and knew nothing whatever about his work, and, indeed, held aloof from anyone who supposedly had been in touch with him.

Christianity, then, says Georg Brandes, as it evolved from Jerusalem and Alexandria became interwoven with the existing Judaism, and it was under the Paulean influence, and after various contacts with extraneous matters, that it finally tore loose from the Mosaic laws and became a new and independent religion, Judaism and the Greek spirit producing that blending which the influence of Rome gave its decisive stamp.

Again it is evident in this latest volume by Brandes that the historical Jesus remains to him a myth, and that in spite of what the criticism of his criticism had to say on the subject, the author held fast to his position, maintaining the courage of his conviction.

THE CITY OF PERFECTION. By *Thomas L. Masson*. Century. $2.50.
THE STORY OF JESUS. By *Benjamin W. Bacon*. Century. $2.50.
CAN THE CHURCHES UNITE? Century Co. $1.25.
MAN AND MESSAGE. By *John Humpstone*. Judson. $1.50.
THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS. By *Jane Porter*. Macmillan.
EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By *Robert Andrews Millikan*. Yale University Press. $1.
THE PARABLES: THEIR BACKGROUND AND LOCAL SETTING. By *N. Levison*. Scribners. $2.50
THE MODERN RELIGIOUS SITUATION. By *Edward S. Kiek*. Scribners. $1.75.

Science

EVOLUTION. By J. GRAHAM KERR. Macmillan. 1926.

This elementary sketch of evolution is a personal one, and differs from most of those published in recent years bv the fact that the author makes abundant use of his experiences in the tropics as a field naturalist. Because of his familiarity with the abundance of life in the warmer parts of the earth's surface and the struggle for existence on every hand there, he does not belittle the potency of natural selection as many laboratory workers in recent years have done to whom the intensity of the struggle for existence in the jungle is less real. While all biologists, however, must accept a struggle for existence as a fact, it is astonishing how often there are brought into the laboratory specimens which have survived evidently for long periods very serious disabilities. Frequently broken limbs have had time to mend completely and amputations to have healed. How they have succeeded in the pond or swamp thus handicapped is, indeed, wonderful.

If it had not been this incalculable accident, in the debris of which I exist like an insect, others would have happened, and mathematically it had to be that the progress of chemistry and mechanics would at the end break, and poison all that lives. . . . Oh, oh, there was nothing supernatural in this deluge. It was normal, and if others besides me have escaped this one, I predict a far greater one!

There remains a seed in the mass of humans. . . This is why in the long run, what is to happen, will happen any way, through the force of things, and all the same by the aid of men.

At the same time that the author emphasizes natural selection as a cause of evolution, he does not pretend that it explains the cause of variability. As Darwin insisted, the theory accepts variation as a fact, an expression "of that general instability and inconstancy that is a fundamental feature of all living substance."

In his consideration of the evolution of man, the author differs in some points from most students of this subject; as, for example, in his conclusion that in all probability man evolved in a cold climate. He is in agreement with Elliot Smith, however, in the importance which he places upon the special development of the sense of sight in the mental evolution of man. The position of the eyes, so that both can be brought to bear on the same object, is undoubtedly associated with nocturnal bait and is advantageous to an animal moving in dim light by the much stronger impression thereby made upon the brain. It is also obviously necessary for the development of stereoscopic vision which is so essential for the judging of distance.

The author regards as the most important step in the higher mental development of man his use of symbols to represent ideas which thereby can be passed on from one individual to another. Although even in the lower animals symbols are used to express feelings or emotions such as the many well known attitudes, gestures, and cries of many animals, even as simple as some of the insects and spiders, only man has succeeded in elaborating a language which permits the communication of ideas in detail.

It is an exceedingly interesting chapter on the evolution of civilization, the conclusion is expressed that there is no escape from the high price of racial degeneration which we have to pay for the comforts and advantages of modern civilization. The only ray of hope which is held out is the fact that culture, as in no other period of human history, is embodied in books so that it may be taken over by others in a kind of relay race, even if one race after another suffers extinction.

THE STORY OF PSYCHOLOGY. By *G. J. Jordan*. Greenberg. $1.50.

Sociology

THE IDEA OF SOCIAL JUSTICE. By *Charles W. Pipkin*. Macmillan. $3.50.
THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY. By *William Graham Sumner* and *Albert Galloway Keller*. Yale University Press. Vol. I.
HISTORIC ORIGIN AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT OF FAMILY LIFE IN RUSSIA. By *Elaine Elnett*. Columbia University Press.
SOCIAL DIFFERENTIATION. By *Cecil Clare North*. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

Travel

LONDON. By *H. V. Morton*. McBride. $2.50 net.
SOUTH AMERICA. By *Franklin H. Martin*. Revell.
A GRIFFIN IN CHINA. By *Genevieve Winsatt*. Funk & Wagnalls. $3 net.
BALKAN SKETCHES. By *Lester G. Hornby*. Little, Brown.
CANADA. By *Marion I. Newbegin*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.
KING ARTHUR'S COUNTRY. By *F. J. Snell*. Dutton. $2.40.

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Points of View

"Back from Nature"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am led, upon rereading your very admirable article, "Back from Nature," in the *Saturday Review* for February 5th, to hazard these random reflections.

In the beginning, it seems to me that you have not pointed out definitely enough that the fierce love of untamed Nature—that "impassioned contemplation," as Pater calls it—in American literature of the nineteenth century, was, in its highest flight, something like a phenomenon which was confined, really, to a few individuals: at least it was not, in my view of the matter, nearly so widespread as you appear to believe. It is undeniable, of course, that Nature in 1827 was a much more essential function in the life of our continent than it is at this distance of a strange hundred years. But it is nevertheless true that while Emerson and Thoreau (you yourself take them as the greatest examples, and no doubt you are right), were giving expression to a spirit that was in its essence largely national, they yet stood apart from the majority of their own fellow-writers; and in Europe (particularly in France) the prevailing mode of literature was almost violently inimical. James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes had no more real sense of Nature than the average sponge; although, like that same sponge, they absorbed something of it from the pool of contemporary thought into which they were thrown. Longfellow never saw Nature but through the nursery window, or going to and from church: and Nature in Poe is grotesque and melancholy—a kind of poisonous step-mother. And there was even a passionate revolt against Nature in artistic circles abroad. Wordsworth, of course, had been a great influence in the revitalization of country life; and though even he had strong opposition in men like Johnson and Lamb who were strictly city lovers, his words carried a long way. Yet there was naturally discipleship and reaction. Tennyson, I do not doubt, deeply loved Nature; but somehow he could never travel quite comfortably in it without his characteristic soap-box. Matthew Arnold was a professor on a sketching tour. Swinburne was as a little child chanting songs before sunrise; but while he worshipped, he could never understand. As for Carlyle, he was mainly indifferent. Nature in Ruskin is a pretty surface seen by the eye of an art critic; and in Rossetti it has the exotic atmosphere of a hot-house plant.

But across the Channel there was outspoken hospitality. One great poet, Baudelaire—whose life covered almost exactly the same span of years as did that of Thoreau: roughly, from 1820 to 1865—is the most typical instance of this reaction against Nature and all the natural elements of life itself. Blake had feared and distrusted Nature; but Baudelaire carried this distrust to the extreme limit of a passionate hatred, and came to look upon Nature as the source of all evil and worthlessness in man. Foolish Nature!—this cynical phrase was for a long while the basis of much excellent French poetry.

This, curious as it may seem, was the condition of things when Thoreau wrote of "Walden:" so that I cannot believe that, as you say (or hint), a great naturalist could not make his advent to-day simply because the forces are largely against him. Another Thoreau would be a great enough individualist to deny and defy these forces, just as Thoreau himself did, though perhaps the forces in his time were not so many or so block-headed.

But what, exactly, is the reason that such an attitude exists at present? The answer, I think, is not far away: for it lies, to an almost exclusive extent, in the deadening comfort and "easiness" of our hang-dog civilization. A love of Nature—a truly passionate love—can only be brought about by living close to Nature, and by Nature's remorseless plan,—as Thoreau lived at Walden Pond, a rough, intense life with the soil. But when effete modern man goes into the woods, he takes with him all the superficialities of the city—canned fruit, canned vegetables, canned music, and canned emotions. He never gets any closer to the soil—the horrible, cruel soil—than does the octogenarian who walks in his back garden. The great implacable, but moving, heart of Nature remains forever hidden from him. The curse of Fifth Avenue is upon his head; and Campbell's Soup tastes the same in the wilderness as it does in some monstrous and neurotic apartment house. He may strengthen himself physically, but his soul and intellect are as stilted as they always were. He might better raise bulbs in a flower-pot for all the communion he will ever hold with Nature.

Another, and perhaps the most plausible, reason for the Return from Nature is in the simple but rather significant fact that we have to-day no Olympians like Thoreau and Emerson to sing their souls' adventures. What "great" writers we possess at present are going in a different direction: they are distinctly not of the same cloth. And even those who do concern themselves with Nature are, for the most part, essentially little men—botanists, geologists, and scientific explorers—men who go to the wilds and mountains with the narrow eye of the calculator, never with the large heart of the poet. There have, of course, been in our own times those who knew Nature intimately—knew her harsh and horrible aspects, her brooding and mysterious moods—those who, like Conrad, had suffered and had their being in her: but they, alas! are few.

But even if Nature seems to have undergone a sad dearth of expression in the poets and prose-writers of this century, I think we need not throw up our hands. And though we are cursed by those who would fain make her seem pretty and harmless, their time will soon pass. When we have tired of the urbane Horaces, a new Lucretius will arise to interpret the receptive Soul of Man in its search for pure beauty through the Soul of Nature. From what part of America this new Lucretius (or perhaps this new Catullus) will come is a matter for conjecture. Personally, I look for him (not her: a woman's love of Nature is confined to a rose-garden, or at best it seldom soars beyond pity and sentimentality)—I look for him, I say, somewhere between the eastern boundry of Montana and the waters of the Pacific Ocean, north and south from Puget Sound to San Diego. For New England is worn out and neurasthenic, and the natural beauty is sullied by the tragi-comedy of modern "progress," and a network of revolting highways for vulgarians. The Middle West is stupid and dreary, as it always was and ever will be. But these great white peaks and deep blue lakes of the Olympic and the Cascades and the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada are in the lap of the gods, and here the American Titan, if ever he arrives, will come into being. That this glorious country should now be the *locale* of the nauseous sentimentality and mock-heroism of tenth-rate novelists, is nothing; it means simply that the Olympian is not yet ready. What he will be it is impossible to prophecy: the best would be an intermingling of the three great life-giving spirits of Thoreau, Whitman, and Carl Spitteler. It may be long before his voice is heard, but when it is it will have all the freshness and strength of springtime or a mountain stream, and it will be known through the great proportions, as I like to fancy, of a tranquil and human epic.

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PART THREE . . . A WREATH of CLOUD

A Distinction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Perhaps the distinction between *farther* and *further* is made, or was at one time made, for other reasons than those your correspondent James H. Hull suggests. It seems to me that the distinction rests upon a conception of difference in meaning and grammatical function between the adverb *forth* and its comparative *further*, used with verbs of motion, and the objective *far* and its comparative *farther*, used with verbs expressing what philosophical grammarians call "a state of being." In the language of a time in which we may suppose such a distinction to have been made, one would say, "Galahad rode forth. When he heard rumors of unpleasant publicity he rode further." To express distance of location one would say, "To Arthur peace seemed to be far off. When he heard of Guinever's peace actions, it seemed farther."

The figurative use of *further* naturally rose from the idea of thought in motion, such as is explicitly found in the phrase, "If we pursue the argument further."

That *further* is the comparative of *forth* I am not certain. The matter could easily be settled by a student of English philology. I do think, however, that such a distinction as I have supposed is a logical and useful one, even though we no longer use the adverb *forth*.

RALPH MARCUS

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A cursory reading of an essay in your issue for November 20th, 1926, by H. W. Nevinson indicates that the author feels dissatisfied with the outcome of the late war against Germany and would have preferred to see the other side win.

As to a matter of feeling and opinion the old rule remains true, nor would it be of particular value to debate his assertions, although it would seem, in view of his expressed belief in the liability of hands to wither when engaged in a certain class of statement, that much of his essay was dictated rather than set down as manuscript.

It is with reference to his composition that I am moved to express a slight protest. There are too many overheated adjectives and adverbs to allow of a clear understanding as to what he and the author he is assumed to be reviewing are actually trying to demonstrate.

In his opening paragraph he is so overcome by a rush of words, that he leaves us uncertain as to whether he thinks the treaty of Versailles shameful or shameless. It can hardly be both. In the interest of the final historical judgment he is making, this point should be decided.

Apparently in a momentary attempt to be non-partisan and superior he lumps all the war casualties with one exception in a race he calls European. The exception is the American Army. Is an American less European than a Moroccan or Annamite, not to mention an Anzac? This is of course by the way, but next time he writes for you, have him do it in a refrigerator and lock up the adjectives and adverbs where he can't get them except by formal requisition subject to your approval.

HENRY WELLES DURHAM.

Managua, Nicaragua.

What the Poet Wants

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Robert Graves's letter in which he presents the case of the self-sustained poet against the assumptions of Miss Harriet Monroe that she gave the impetus to a poetry movement in America of which he and numerous others, English and American, form a part, is well taken at this moment, I think. No self-respecting poet cares—to use his apt phrase—to become a member of a bodyguard, swearing what is, after all, an unsworn allegiance. Of course the facts are that Miss Monroe is neither the wet-nurse of any poetry movement in this country nor yet a creator within the limits of the tendency which she asserts has emanated in large part from *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

Mr. Graves's protest against a generalizing absorption in a movement is laudable and typical of the temper of the Anglo-Saxon creative mind. In England self-conscious literary movements accompanied by manifestos and suchlike apparatus have always had short shrift; in Latin countries, especially in France, native literature makes progress—if literature ever makes progress other than linguistically—in precisely that way. The Anglo-Saxon writer has an ingrained revulsion to losing his individuality in the plunging of an insurgent stream, no matter how apparently necessary that stream may be. But then, not infrequently, the Latin revolutionary often wages war on the oldsters with his tongue in check. It will be recalled in this connection that Zola gave the whole game away when he answered the challenge of the Goncourts that he define Naturalism. Zola admitted that he had invented the term frankly in response to the popular demand for sensational novelty from literary men. He referred of course to the Latin popular demand, not to the Anglo-Saxon, which asks only for that which is hallowed by long wont and usage. Mr. Graves is right: the writer busies himself with writing and then somebody comes along—only too frequently it is the card-index mind—and codifies and claims the honors of a movement.

PIERRE LOVING.

New York.

Roosevelt

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The representation, philosophic and political, of Roosevelt by Mr. John Corbin is so unusual in its clarity, soundness, and dispassion, amid the muddy, emotional, and half-baked summations of our statesmen prevalent today, that I am impelled to congratulate the editor and thank the intelligent writer.

Roosevelt and 1912! What a tragedy is that conjunction and how suggestive to the imagination as to the changes of history, which might have ensued had a great President not fallen for political buncombe as a bid for reelection. With all one's admiration for his past achievements and personal integrity, it is well nigh impossible to grant him a sincere belief in the "pure democracy" and the recall of judicial decisions he commenced proclaiming in contradiction of all his past political convictions.

I have thought Europe must have done something to his brain. He returned from the foreign scene with ill-digested knowledge of President Taft's administration, sent by the latter's enemies, and never again seemed to recover his former political acumen and vision. His final actions in the Great War of advocating first the strictest neutrality and then becoming violently anti-German was consistent with a mind that, perhaps, had burnt itself out before 1912.

THOMAS RIDGWAY.

The younger French novelists show a distinct tendency to get away from a too rigid naturalism and return to the romantic and even the fantastic—M. Jean Cassou's "Les Harmonies Viennoises" for instance, a charming book, and M. Andrè Beucler's "Geule d'Amout." As the centenary of romanticism will be celebrated this year, we shall probably see many more books in this *genre*. But it must be understood that this is not the old romanticism, but a new one, somewhat brutal and abrupt, and adapted, as Abel Bonnard says, to our times.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE SOUTH AFRICANS. By *Sarah Gertrude Millin.* (Boni & Liveright.)

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE. By *Susan Glaspell.* (Stokes.)

CHINA AND THE POWERS. By *Henry Kittredge Norton.* (Day.)

R. H. C., Philadelphia, asks, Is there any way to inform myself on the various methods of continuing an education broken off after high school? What courses of study are offered by colleges, and what can a correspondence school accomplish? I would like a broad general view of the possibilities in this country.

THERE must have been many such questions as this—I get them constantly—directed to other people to call out so many books on this subject as I have been gathering in the past few months. "Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas," by John F. Wolfsinger (Macmillan), one of a series of studies in adult education, tells what kinds of correspondence schools we have—with four times as many men and women enrolled as in all our colleges, universities, and professional schools combined—and describes the programs offered to eight million people in lyceums and Chautauquas. It deals with principles and is not a directory, though many names are given. "New Schools for Older Students," by Nathan Peffer (Macmillan), is another of this series; it describes forums like those in Daytona, Montclair, and the Community Church, N. Y.; Lowell Institute and others of this type, individual schools like the Rand, Bryn Mawr's Summer School, and the New York School for Social Research, museums and national associations. *Adult Education and the Library*, a little magazine published occasionally by the American Library Association, Chicago, is full of detailed suggestions and advice on many subjects; I treasure a copy in which noble references were made to this department and to the "Guide Book." "The University Afield," by Alfred L. Hall-Quest (Macmillan), is a careful explanation of the workings of university extension in this country, with courses of study offered, costs, rural and urban methods, and many other matters, with tables and diagrams.

P. F. M., New York, asks for books of home handcrafts, things that children can make with materials around the house, for a family to take to a farmhouse.

"THE Boy Showman and Entertainer," by A. Rose (Dutton), is the sort of book I would have grappled to my soul with hooks of steel when I was fourteen or so; it reminds me of articles in *Harper's Young People*, and that magazine is the one advantage my generation had over this. This book prepares a handy boy with simple tools for putting on a puppet or Punch show, an amateur circus, a shadow-entertainment, and parlor magic and tricks, and even gives him a start on ventriloquism. The only other book with puppet and Punch-and-Judy plays, so far as I know, is "The Tony Sarg Marionette Book" (Huebsch).

"The Complete Playcraft Book," by Patten Beard (Stokes), tells how to make things out of boxes, spools, nuts, and every sort of unconsidered trifle, and includes directions for home-made parties. There are many illustrations; some of the toys made are simple enough for the smallest child, and they rise to a village of box-houses. This is the latest book of this sort to appear; other good ones are Bailey's "Boys' Make-at-Home Things" (Stokes), and "Girls' Make-at-Home Things" (Stokes), Lina Beard's "Little Folks' Handy Book" (Scribner), and A. H. Hall's "Home Made Toys" (Lothrop). I have been looking over Laura G. Sloman's "Some Primary Methods" (Macmillan), to see if it would be useful to a mother with a family of children who keep up through the summer some semblance of regular study periods. It is a text-book for teachers, but has ideas that would help mothers at home, especially in the chapters on "projects" and "seatwork." "Games for Every Day," by Elliott and Forbush (Macmillan), is to be given to the children themselves; there are all types here, including a few to be played "when we are dressed for company." This would have been a boon to my mother in my youth: as I recall the games we were irresistibly impelled to play under these conditions, they always involved wild animals in some capacity.

G. E. H., Derby Line, Vt., asks about a magazine called Fire, of which he knows only that it is published by Negroes.

FIRE is a quarterly issued by a group of the younger writers and artists of Harlem; the first copy is edited by Wallace Thurman and has drawings by Aaron Douglas and Richard Bruce, a section of poetry by men and women as well known as Countée Cullen and Langston Hughes, several short stories and a play by Zora Neale Huston. Just how promptly another copy will appear I do not know; so far, funds are low, but another number is in preparation. The offices are at 314 West 138th street and the price is one dollar a copy; I recommend it to readers whose literary notions of the American Negro are confined to memories of Uncle Remus and experiences of Octavus Roy Cohen.

Another enlightening experience might be to visit the Little Negro Theatre in the basement of the library on 135th street, where the Krigwa Players at irregular intervals produce plays written and acted by Negroes on themes of Negro life, to audiences that though including delegations from other parts of the city, are in the main drawn from the immediate neighborhood. A group of intellectuals among whom Dr. Burghardt Du Bois is prominent, who believe that as long as Negro plays are written only by white men, however well-meaning, they will be "defeatist" and end in failure, suicide, death, are producing their own plays for their own audiences; I attended the February performance and saw three short plays and one pantomime given with a spirit that reminded me of reports of early performances of Douglas Hyde's Gaelic plays.

The long list of novels about Negroes has just received an addition that ranks with "Porgy" as a study of life in which no white person enters, not written by a Negro. This is "Black April," by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill). The scene is a remote plantation in the lowlands of South Carolina; if "Batouala" could get the Goncourt, it does seem as if some sort of prize could fall to the lot of this remarkable novel.

M. J.'s choice of American books includes some that I endorse from experience: Laura Lee Davidson's inimitable "Isles of Eden" and "Winter of Content"—quiet, friendly sketches of life and people in the lake-country; Lucy Furman's "The Quare Women" and "The Glass Window," and Alice Brown's "The Mysteries of Ann."

B. K., Boston, asks for helpful reading in preparation for a cruise among the West Indies, and asks what Lafcadio Hearn has written about Martinique.

TAKING the second question first, Lafcadio Hearn's "Two Years in the French West Indies," first published in 1890, was reissued a few years ago by Harper in an illustrated edition; this is a brilliant mosaic of life on Martinique, its music, legends, and poetry. Joseph Hergesheimer's "San Cristobal de la Habana" (Knopf), is unusual travel-literature, evocative of romance and vivid in color. "The Spell of the Caribbean Islands," by Archie Bell (Page), describes St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Luic, and Barbadoes; it is the work of a world-traveller whose aim is "for to admire." "Whisperings of the Caribbean," by Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Benziger), is the work of a missionary long resident on Jamaica, and is full of thrilling episodes of buccaneers, hurricanes, life in the bush, and other reflections from its history. There is a new "History of the Cuban Republic," by Charles E. Chapman (Macmillan), and a good guide is A. Hyatt Verrill's "Cuba Past and Present" (Dodd, Mead). The same author's "Book of the West Indies" (Dutton), is highly favored by tourists preparing for cruises; it covers the field and has descriptions, maps, and general information. "Lands of the Caribbean," by Frank Carpenter (Doubleday, Page), is one of the admirable series of "World Travels," and Harry Franck's "Roaming Through the West Indies" (Century), is a trip not only to Jamaica and Porto Rico but from southern Florida to northern South America, with Panama and Cuba.

R. C. R., Evanston, Ill., asks for books that will throw light on the publishing business.

THIS is the purpose of Stanley Unwin, as revealed in his book, "The Truth About Publishing," which after making some stir in England a short time since, appears in this country under the auspices of Houghton Mifflin, with an introduction by Ferris Greenslet. Books by or about publishers include "A Man from Maine," E. W. Bok's story of Cyrus Curtis (Scribner); Robert Sterling Yard's "The Publisher" (Houghton Mifflin, 1912); W. W. Ellsworth's "A Golden Age of Authors" (Houghton Mifflin); "Remembered Yesterdays," by Robert Underwood Johnson (Little, Brown); George Haven Putnam's "Memories of a Publisher, 1865-1915" (Putnam); "Astir," the life-story of J. A. Thayer (Small, Maynard), now out of print, but translated into French as "Les Etapes de Succes" and published in London as "Getting On;" "The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page" (Doubleday, Page), and Henry Holt's "Garrulities of an Octogenarian" (Houghton Mifflin).

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The Phoenix Nest

RONALD FRASER has written another queer and dreamy novel. His "Landscape with Figures" was a delight to us last summer crossing the Atlantic. His new "Flower Phantoms" (Liveright), is a most original and fascinating short volume. It is a poet's book, it is vivid unreality; it is beautifully phrased and notably strange. . . .

Every copy of the two limited editions of *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* "The King's Henchman," one of which was priced at twenty-five dollars and the other at ten, was sold before the opera opened at the Metropolitan. The book dealers have been ordering as many copies as they could obtain from Harper's of the trade first edition, and it is predicted that the regular first edition copies will sell for ten dollars within six months. Harper's doubled the second edition, which went to press the morning after the opera's opening. . . .

"News of the Devil" by *Humbert Wolfe* (Holt), is a long poem, brilliantly executed, which you really should not miss if you like satire clothed with light. . . .

"As It Was," written by the widow of the late *Edward Thomas*, who was one of the most promising of the younger English poets, is a remarkably beautiful document, alive with the innocence of Eden. It is one of the small perfections likely to endure. It is published by Harper's. . . .

Susan Glaspell's biography of her husband, *George Cram Cook* (Stokes), is entitled "The Road to the Temple" and, though we have not read it, we intend to soon, as we conceived a great interest in Cook through his posthumous poems, "Greek Coins" (Doran), published last year with prefaces by Miss Glaspell, *Floyd Dell*, and others. . . .

Last year also we read *Leslie Reid's* "The Rector of Maliseet," a novel of much sombre power. It was a first novel, this, of distinction. Now a second book by Reid, "Saltacres," is being brought out by the Duttons about the middle of this month. Its scene is said to be rural England and it concerns a loving and adventurous young girl born upon a deteriorated farm. . . .

H. F. West writes us an interesting letter from the Department of Comparative Literature at Dartmouth College:

I came across the enclosed poem by *Rupert Brooke* in a dirty "pub" near Princes Risboro—Bucks, England, July, 1924. The name of the pub was the Pink and Lily. The poem was framed and on the wall and the innkeeper and his wife would freely talk about his visit there before the war. I suspect it is generally unknown and I feel quite sure it has never been published. I copied it from the original in the public house. I feel it might be suitable for your column.

It is a lovely countryside near Risboro—and a fitting place for that "golden young Apollo" to roam around in—and the Pink and Lily a fitting place in which to quench a dionysiac thirst.

PINK AND LILY
By RUPERT BROOKE

Never came there to the Pink
Two such men as we I think.
Never came there to the Lily
Two men quite so richly silly;
So broad, so supple and so tall,
So modest and so brave withal;
With hearts so clear, such noble eyes,
Filled with such sage philosophies;
Thirsty for Good, secure of Truth,
Fired by a purer flame than youth,
Serene as age, but not so dirty,
Old, young, mature, being under thirty.
Were ever two so fierce and strong
Who drank so deep and laughed so long,
So proudly meek, so humbly proud,
Who walked so far and sang so loud?

A proper name is the name of the editor of the *People's Popular Monthly*, for indeed the wight is *Carl C. Proper*. His magazine, published in Des Moines, Iowa, is offering $10,000 in cash prizes, $5,000 for first American serial rights of the best story between 60,000 and 80,000 words in length, and $5,000 split up into ten prizes for the first American rights of the ten best short stories between 5,000 and 10,000 words in length. All stories must reach the editor's office in Des Moines on or before October 1, 1927. For other necessary information about the contest, properly write to Mr. Proper. . . .

Next we will give space to a communication from *S. Griswold Morley*, Department of Spanish, University of California:

If you'll admit a translation into your gallery of "ferocious sonnets," I can offer you one. The original is, in a way, a minor classic of Spanish literature. Back in the 1840's Don Serafín Estébanez Calderón, a learned jurist and curious describer of popular Andalusian customs, possessed a fine library and a friend. The latter, by name Gallardo, was possibly the keenest bibiliophile and the most exact bibliographer Spain has ever known. But Gallardo was one of those people who never return borrowed books. Worse, he had, it is reported, the sad habit of picking up volumes without the owner's invitation, and in the collecting line he made no distinction between friends and enemies. So after a while Don Serafín sent him this sonnet (or something like it). He lost his friend,—and kept his library.

Ha! Cacus, cuckoo, bibliopirate, bat,
Pincer of volumes, filcher, magpie, rook,
Out of my papers get your sneaking crook,
You ferret, bookworm, borer, moth, and rat!
Weasel with sabre-claws, librivorous cat,
Loader of treasures with your crane and hook,
Algiers of libraries, galley of the book,
My shelves are shores that you depopulate.
Your belt can stow an archive; for a tie
You wear a Gladstone bag; your pockets hide
A Vatican, and never look awry.
A thirsty sponge you are; and if the wide
Atlantic were one sea of books, you'd sop
It dry within an hour, nor spill a drop!

I assure you that the mixture of metaphors follows the original strictly!

An attractive looking little "literary magazine of the youngest generation" is *The Flamingo* sponsored by the English Department of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida. This college also now offers courses in the appreciation of books. These courses aim to develop reading habits. Course 1 is "Historv of the Book," Course 2 "Literary Personalities," Course 3 a reading course in English and American literature. *Edwin Osgood Grover* is their "Professor of Books." . . .

Professor Grover had printed at the Angel-Alley Press last Christmas a charmingly designed copy of *Austin Dobson's* "To a Missal of the XIII Century." We cannot resist culling a couple of verses from it:

Not as ours the books of old—
Things that steam can stamp and fold;
Not as ours the books of yore—
Rows of type, and nothing more.

Then a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul.

In that growth of day by day,
When to labor was to pray,
Surely something vital passed
To the patient page at last.

Which we also believe, and which is about all we need to end with.

THE PHŒNICIAN

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got 82% on Quiz No. 14

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AMERICANA AT HEARTMAN'S

ONE of the most important single session sales of the season was held by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., on February 22, when 300 lots were dispersed, bringing $30,134. The selections from several consignments were mainly commemorative of Washington and the Revolutionary War and many high prices were realized. The highest price, $1,960, was paid for an Orderly Book kept at General Washington's headquarters by Alexander Hamilton, from April 17, 1779, to August 8, 1779, 240 pp., oblong octavo, bound in original half calf. Other important lots and the prices were the following:

Boston Massacre. "A Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston," etc., 8vo, morocco, London, 1770. Rare issue with the plate in folio size. $330.

Clinton (Henry). "Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K.B., relative to his conduct during part of his command of the King's troops in North America particularly to that which respects the unfortunate issue of the campaign of 1781," etc., 8vo, sheep, London, 1783. Sixth edition. $760.

Cornwallis (Earl). "An Answer to that Part of the Narrative of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, which relates to the conduct of Lieut-Gen. Earl Cornwallis during the Campaign in North America in the Year 1781," 8vo, morocco, London, 1783. Third edition. $1,450.

Franklin (Benjamin). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to, Edinburgh, September 6, 1759. $310.

Hale (Capt. Nathan). Weston's "Stenography Compleated, or the Art of Shorthand Brought to Perfection," 12mo, original calf, London, 1727. Nathan Hale's copy with his signature and record of purchase in his own handwriting. $1,550.

Washington. Ingerfield's "Narrative concerning the Loss of His Majesty's Ship, The Centaur," etc., 8vo, London, 1783. New edition, corrected. From the library of Washington with his autograph on the title page. $790.

Jones (Commodore John Paul). A. L. S. 2 pp., 4to, L'Orient, August 17, 1785. To Thomas Jefferson concerning prize money. $530.

Washington. Autograph Survey Signed, "G. Washington, S.C.C." With Survey on the right hand side of the sheet, and the plan on the opposite side of the sheet. Dated November 4, 1749. One of the very earliest surveys made by Washington. $850. Washington. Memorandum Cash Account, September 10, 1747, to October 10, 1749, also later entries. Together 24 pp., bound in morocco. Some of these items written when Washington was fifteen years old. $1,550.

Washington. A. L. S. 2 pp., folio, Mount Vernon, October 10, 1773. To an unnamed person in regarding to land grants in Ohio. $525.

NEW GWINNETT DISCOVERY

ANOTHER sensational autographic discovery, a letter bearing the signature of Button Gwinnett and others, has just been confirmed by Mitchell Kennerley of the Anderson Galleries. The letter is described as "the most important and valuable American document in private hands today." The letter was written only eight days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and deals with the beginnings of the American Navy. It is addressed by the Marine Committee to John Ashmead, clerk of Frigate No. 2, lying in Philadelphia and bears the signatures of the five other members of that committee, all Signers of the Declaration: John Hancock, Robert Morris, Francis Lewis, George Read, and Arthur Middleton.

The document is owned by John Cecil Clay, great-great-grandson of John Ashmead. Mr. Clay read the account of the sale of the Gwinnett signature last November, at the Anderson Galleries, for $28,500, and it occurred to him that there was a Gwinnett signature among his father's papers. After careful search the Gwinnett signature, attached to the document already mentioned, was discovered in an old French periodical. The document had been in the possession of the Ashmead and the Ashmead-Clay families for 150 years, and not until the recent record breaking sale for a Gwinnett signature at Anderson's had any monetary value been attached to it.

When the last Gwinnett signature was sold for $28,500 it was predicted that it would be a long time before this extraordinary record was beaten. But here is a Gwinnett signature supported in a manner to insure a new high record that is bound to make another sensation when it is sold.

GOODSPEED'S CATALOGUE

THE current catalogue No. 168 of Goodspeed's Book Shop, of Boston, devoted to "Rare Americana" deserves the many good words sure to be said for it. It is an octavo of 309 pages, contains 2,463 items, 27 full page illustrations, mainly of facsimiles of title pages of very rare lots, and bibliographically and typographically is an excellent piece of work. The outstanding item is "A Declaration of former Passages and Proceedings betwixt the English and the Narrowgansetts, with their Confederates, wherein the Grounds and Iustice of the ensuing Warre are opened and cleared," published by order of the commissioners of the United Colonies, at Boston, in 1645, a 7 page leaflet, small quarto, printed by Stephen Daye, at Cambridge, the third work printed in English in America of which any copy survives, and valued at $25,000. Only three other copies of this tract are known to exist, and of these two are in libraries, the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Lenox Collection of the New York Public Library, while the third is in the collection of Henry E. Huntington. It would seem, therefore, that this copy is the only one likely to appear on the market. And there are many other rare and valuable books, such as the first edition of John Eliot's Indian Bible printed at Cambridge in 1663, $3,500; William Punchon's manuscript record of cases which came before him as magistrate at Agawam, from November 14, 1639, to July 28, 1650, etc., $2,500; Francis Higginson's "New-Englands Plantation," a small quarto printed in London in 1630, $2,000; and William Wood's "New-Englands Prospect," printed in London in 1634, $2,500. But while there are many very valuable items for the collector, there is a-plenty of moderate price for the average bookbuyer. The contents of this catalogue are arranged under about seventy-five principal subject headings with an index. This makes the catalogue an important work of reference. The dealer or collector interested in rare Americana should be foresighted enough to get a copy of this catalogue and carefully preserve it.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE final portion of the Britwell Court Library owned by S. R. Christie-Miller, will be sold at Sotheby's in London March 28 and four following days, and on April 4 and four following days. This will complete the disposal of the most valuable library ever sold at public auction. This part comprises English literature from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, and includes tracts, ballads, broadsides, proclamations, and newspapers.

Four limited editions are announced by the Pleiad Press for publication this year —"The Admirable Crichtoun," taken from Urquhart's "Discovery of a Most Exquisite Jewel," 1652, with an introduction by Hamish Miles; "The Silver Book of English Sonnets," a selection from the lesser-known sonnets, by Robert Lynd, who also contributes an introduction; "The Affectionate Shepherd," by Richard Barnfield, reprinted from the original edition of 1597, and a translation by Maurice Baring of "Fantasio," a short play by Alfred de Musset.

The compilation of a new life of George Washington has been decided upon as the first step looking to the celebration of the 200th anniversary of his birth. This was determined by the George Washington Bicentennial Commission after President Coolidge has delivered his address on Washington's birthday. The plan made public contemplates a history divided into three sections as follows: Reference list of books on the life of Washington; complete history of the years of his life, 1732-1799; geographical history designed to associate Washington's name more closely with localities and undertakings. Each of the sections would be approved by representatives of American historical associations at a meeting arranged for the purpose.

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